

The most Pleasant
HISTORY
OF
TOM A LINCOLN,
THAT
Ever Renowned Souldier,
THE
Red-Rose Knight :





Right-Hand Knight :

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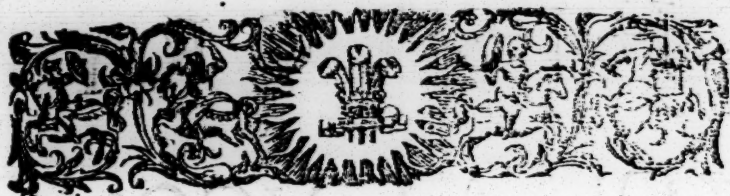
THAT
Ever Renowned Souldier,
THE
Red-Rose Knight :
Who for his valour and Chivalry, was
Sir-Named *THE BOAST of ENGLAND.*

Shewing his Honourable Victories in Forraign Countries,
with his strange Fortunes in the *Fairy-land* : and how he
Married the fair *Anglitona*, Daughter to *Prester John*, that
renowned Monarch of the *VWorld*.

Together with the lives and deaths of his two Famous Sons,
the *Black Knight*, and the *Fairy Knight*, with divers other memora-
ble accidents, full of delight.

The Tenth Impression.

L O N D O N,
Printed by *G. Purslow*, for *F. Colas*, on *Saffron-Hill*, in *Wine-street*,
near *Huttons Garden*. 1668.



To the Right Worshipful
SIMON WOR TEDGE,

Of Okenberry, in the County of Huntington, Esquire :
Health, Happines, and Prosperity.

He generall report and consideration (right Wor-
shipful) of your exceeding courtesie, and the
T great friendship which my Parents have hereto-
fore found at the hands of your renowned Fa-
ther ; do imbolden me to present unto your
Worship these my enpolisht labours ; which if you shall
vouchsafe to cast a favourable glance upon, and therein find
any part or parcel pleasing to your vertuous mind , I shall
esteem my travel most highly honoured. The History (I
present) you shall find delightful, the matter not offensive to
any : onely my skill in penning it very simple, and my pre-
sumption great, in presenting so rude a piece of work to so
wise a Patron ; which I hope your Worship will the more
bear with, and account the rather to be pardonable, in that
the fault proceedeth from a good meaning.

*Your Worships devoted, and
poor Country-man ;*

R. I.



The Pleasant HISTORY
OF
TOM A LINCOLNE,
The Red rose Knight.
For his Valour and Chivalry, Sir-
named THE BOAST of ENGLAND.

CHAP. I.

How King *Arthur* loved the fair *Angelica*, the Earl of *London* Daughter;
and likewise of the birth of *Tom a Lincoln*.



W H E N as King *Arthur* wore the Imperial Dia-
dem of England, and by his Chivalry had purcha-
sed many famous Victories, to the great renown of
this Maiden Land, he ordained the order of the
Round Table, and selected many worthy Knights
to attend his Majesty: of whose glittering renown
many ancient Histories do record, and witnesses to all ensuing ages.

This worthy Prince upon a time intending to visit the City of
London with some few number of his Knights, he came & landed
with *Androgius*, being at that time Earl of London; whose house
(as then) was not onely replenished with delicate fare, but graced
with a number of beautiful Ladies: who gave such a pleasing en-
tertainment to King *Arthur* and his Knights, that they were ra-
vished with pleasure, and quite forgot the sound of Martial drums,
that had went to summon them forth to the fields of Honour: A-
mongst these glorious troops of London Ladies, *Angelica* the Earls
daughter had the chiefest praise for beauty and courtly behaviour:
for then as the silver-shining Moon in a Winters frosty night, sur-
passeth the brightest of the twinkling Stars, so fair *Angelica*'s
sweet feature exceeded the rest of the Ladies, whereby King *Arthur*
was so intangled in the snarres of love, that by no means he could

Tom of Lincoln,

touch'd his affections from her divine excellent. He that before delighted to tread a weary march after Bellonas Drums, was now constrained to trace Cupids Measures in Ladies Chambers : and could as well strain the strings of a Lovers Lute, as sound a soldiers alarm in the field : Her beauty like the Adamant, drew his fix'd heart to lodge in the closure of her breast, and no company delighted so much the love-sick King, as the presence of fair Angellica. So upon a time as he stood looking out of his Chamber Window, he espied the Mistress of his soul sitting in a garden under a bow'r of Vines, prettily picking the ripest Grapes with her delicate hands, and took such pleasant pains in that maiden like exercise, that the well coloured blood in her face began to wax warm, and cheeks to obtain such an excellent beauty, that they seem'd like two purple Roses, intermixt with Hawthorn-buds: whereupon King Arthur grew enamoured upon her, and stood for a time senseless, through the extreme passion he took in beholding her beauty : But at last recovering his senses, he spake to her in this manner:

Oh most divine Angellica, Natures sole wonder, thou excellent ornament of beauty, thy lovely face painted with a crimson dye, thy roscial cheeks surpassing Snow in whiteness, thy decent Neck like purest Ivory, hath like a Fowlers net intrangled my yielding heart : whereby it is for evermore imprison'd in thy breast. Oh that the golden tresses of thy dainty hair which shine like the Rubies, glittering in the Sun, had never twink'ed before my ravish'd eyes, then had my heart enjoyed his wonted liberty, & my fancie been free from lovers vain imagin'gions. Thus, and in like manner, complain'd the King unto himself, seeking by all means possible to exclude Loves fire from his breast. But the more he strove to abandon it, the more it increased, and feeling no politic might prebail, but that this burning torment must of force be quenched with her celestial love, he descended from his Chamber, and went boldly into the Garden : where taking Angellica by the hand, as she sat upon a bed of Violets, which as then grew under the Arbour, in this manner began to court her:

Fair oval face, (said the King) divine and beauteous Paragon, fair Flower of London, know that since my abode in thy Fathers house, thy beauty hath so conquered my affections, and so bereaved me of my liberty, that unless thou vouchsafe to cool my ardent desires with a willing grant of thy love, I am like to dye a languishing death,

the Red-rose Knight.

death, and this Countrey England, of forcē must lose him, that hath filled her bounds with many triumphant victories : therefore sweet Angellica, if thy heart be so obdurate, that the tears of my true love may nothing mollifie, yet take pitty on thy Countrey, that through thy cruelty she lose not her wanted glory, and be made unhappy, by the loss of her Sovereign : thou seest my divine Angellica, how I that have made Princes stoop, and Kings to humble when I have frown'd, do now submissively yield my high honour to thy feet, either to be made happy by thy Love, or unhappy in thy hate ; that in time to come, children may either bless, or curse thee : Of these two consider which thou wilt perform, either with cruelty to kill me, or with clemency to preserve me.

This unexpected request of the King, so amazed Angellica, that her cheeks were stained with blushing shame, and like a bashful Maiden, for a time stood silent, not knowing in what manner to answer him, considering he was a King of England, and she but Daughrer to an Earl : but at last, when fear and shame had a while strove together in her heart, she replied in this sort.

Most mighty King (said she) if your entertainment in my Fathers house hath been honourable, seek not the foul dishonour of his daughter, nor proffer to blemish the bud of her virginity with the least thought of your unchast desires, the loss of which sweet Gem, is a torment to my soul, more worse then death. Consider with your self (most worthy Prince) the black scandal that it may bring unto your name and honour, having a Queen, a most Vertuous and Loyal Princess. Think upon the stain of your Marriage-bed, the wrongs of your wedded Peer, and lasting infamy of your own glory ; For this I vow (by Dianas bright Majesty) before I will yield the conquest of my virginity to the spoil of such unchast desires, I will suffer more torments then mans heart can imagine : therefore (most mighty Sovereign) cease your unreverend suit, for I will not lose that matchless Jewel, for all the treasure the large Ocean contains : And in speaking these words she departed thence, and left the love-sick King in the Arbour, complaining to the empty air : where after he had numbred many determinations together, this he purposed; never to cease his suit, till he had gained what his soul so much desired: for continually at the break of day, when Titans beauty began to shine, and Auroras blush to appear, would he always send to her Chamber window, the sweetest musick that could be devised :
thinking

Tom of Lincoln,

thinking thereby to obtain her Love. Many times would he sollicit her with rich gifts, and large promises, rather befitting an Empress, then the Daughter of an Earl, proffering such kindness, that if she had a heart of Iron, yet could she not choose but relent and requite his courtesies: So what is it that time will not accomplish, having the hand of a King set thereunto.

Twelve weary days King Arthur spent in wooing of Angellica, before he could obtain his hearts happiness, and his souls content: at the end of which time she was as pliant to his will, as is the tender twig to the hand of the Husbandman. But now their secret meaning required a policy to keep their private loves both from King Arthurs Queen, and from old Androgius, Angellicas Father: and that their secret joys might long time continue without mistrust of any party whatsoever; this device they contrived: that Angellica should desire liberty of her Father, to spend the remain of her life in the service of Diana, like one that abandoned all earthly vanity, honouring true chastity and religious life: So, with a demure countenance, and a sober grace, she went unto her Father, and obtained such leave at his hands, that he willingly condescended that she should live as a professed Nun, in a Monastery that the King before time had builded in the City of Lincoln; & so furnished her forth with such necessities as her state required, he gave her his blessing, and so committed her to Dianas service.

But now Angellica was no sooner placed in the Monastery, and chosen a Sister of that fellowship, but King Arthur many times visited her in so secret a manner, and so disguisedly, that no man suspected their pleasant meetings: But so long tasted they joys of love, that in the end the Nun grew great-bellied, and poor King Arthurs quittance sealed in her womb, and at the end of forty weeks she was delivered: where in presence of the Midwife, and one more, whom the King largely recompensed for their secrecy, she was made a Mother of a goodly Son, whom King Arthur caused to be wrapped in a Mantle of green silk, tying a purse of Gold about his neck, and so caused the Midwife to bear it into the field, and to lay it at a Shepherds gate near adjoining to the City, in hope the old man should foster it as his own: by which means his Angellicas dishonour might be kept secret from the world, and his own disgrace from the murmuring report of the vulgar people.

This

the Red-Rose Knight.

This his commandment was so speedily performed by the Midwife, that the very next morning she stole the young Infant from his Mothers keeping, and bore it secretly to the place appointed, there laying it down upon a tuft of green Grass: it seemed prettily to smile, turning his Christs eyes up towards the Elements, as though it lookt new its own good fortune. This being done, the Midwife with-drew her self some little distance from that place, and hid her self closely behind a well grown Oak, diligently marking what should betide the comfortless Infant: But long she had not there remained, but there flockt such a number of little Birds about the young harmless Babe, and made such a chirping melody, that it fell into a silent slumber, and slept as sweetly as though it had been laid in a bed of softest Silk. By this time, the golden Sun began to glister on the Mountain top, and his Sister Luna to with-draw her waterish countenance: at which time the pleasant Shepherds began to tune their Mowing Notes, and to repair into their folded Sheep, according to their wonted manner: Amongst which crew of lusty Swains, old Antonio approached out of his Gate with a cheerful countenance: whose Beard was as white as polished Silver, or like to Snow lying upon the Northern Mountains: This bonny Shepherd no sooner espied Angelicaes sweet Babe lying upon the Hillock, but immediately he took it up: and viewing circumspically every part of the rich Vestments wherein it was wrapped, at last found out the Purse of Gold which the King had tied unto the Childs neck, whereat the Shepherd so exceedingly rejoiced, that for the time he stood as a man ravished with pleasure, and was not able to remove from the place where he stood: but yet at the last, thinking with himself that Heaven had sent him that good fortune, not onely giving him Riches, but withal a Son, to be a comfort to him in his latter years: so bearing it in to his old Wife, and withal the Purse of Gold, and the rich Mantle, with the other things: who at the sight thereof was as highly pleased as her Husband, when he found it first: so being both agreed to foster and bring it up as their own, considering that Nature never gave them in all their life any Child, incontinently they caused it to be Christened: and called by the name of Tom a Lincoln (after the Town where it was found) a name most fitting for it, in that they knew not who were his true Parents.

Tom of Lincoln,

But now we speak again of the *Midwife*, that after she had beheld how kindly old Antonio received the young Infant, she returned back unto *Angellicaes* Chamber, whom she found bitterly lamenting the loss of her tender Babe, thinking that some *Fairy* *Nymph* had stoln it away: but such was the kind comfort which the smooth tongued *Midwife* gave her in that extremity, whereby her sorrow seemed the less, and her mistrustful fear exchanged into smiling hope; yet neither would the King, nor the *Midwife*, at any time whatsoever, make known unto her what was become of her little Son, but driving her off with delays and fond excuses, lest having intelligence of his abode, she should (through kind love, and natural affection) go to visit him, and so discover their *Lobes* practices.

Thus lived the most fair *Angellica* many days in great grief, wishing his return, and desiring Heaven that the *Destinies* might be so favourable, that once again before the fatal *Sisters* had finished her life, she might behold her Infants face; for whose presence her soul thirsted.

Here will we leave the solitary Lady comfortless, and without company (except it were the King, that sometimes visited her by stealth) and report what hapned to Tom a Lincol'n in the *Shepherds* House.

CHAP. II.

Of the manner of Tom of *Lincolnes* bringing up, and how he first came to be called the *Red-rose Knight*: with other things that hapned to him.

Great was the wealth that old Antonio gathered together, by means of the Treasure he found about the Infants attire, whereby he became the richest in all that Countrey, and purchased Lands and Livings, that his supposed Son (for wealth) was deemed a fit match for a Knights Daughter: yet for all this, his bringing up was but mean, and in a homely sort: for after he had passed ten years of his Age he was set to keep Antonios *Sheep*, and to follow Husbandry, whereby he grew strong and hardy, and continually gave himself to painful Endeavours, imagining and devising haughty and great Enterprises: yet notwithstanding was of honest and vertuous Conditions, well featured, Valiant, Active, Quick

the Red-Rose Knight.

Quick and Nimble, Sharp-witted, and of a ripe Judgement; he was Valiant, and of an invincible courage: so that from the Cradle and Infancy, it seemed he was bowed to Mars, and Martial Exploits. And in his life and manners is deciphered the Image of true Nobility: for though he obscurely lived in a Country Cottage, yet had he a superiour mind, aiming at state and majesty, bearing in his breast the Princely thoughts of his Father. For on a time keeping Cattel in the field among other young men of his age and condition, he was chosen (in sport by them) for their Lord, or Knight, and they to attend on him like dutiful Servants: and although this their election was but in play, yet he whose spirits were ravished with great and high matters, first procured them, to swear to him Loyalty in all things, and to obey him as a King, where, or when, it should please him in any matter to command them, to which they all most willingly condescended. Thus after they had solemnly taken their Oaths, he perswaded them to leave that base and servile kind of life, seeking to serve in War, and to follow him, being their General: the which through perswasion they did, and so leaving their Cattel to their Fathers and Pastors, they assembled all together, to the full number of a hundred at the least: unto whom he gave certain Red Roses, to be worn for Colours in their Hats, and commanded them ever after he should be called the Red-rose Knight. So in this manner departed he with his followers unto Barnsdale Heath, where they pitched up Tents, and lived a long time upon the robberies & spoiles of passengers; insonmuch that the whole Countrey was molested by them.

This disordered life so highly displeased the Parents of these unruly Outlaws, that many of them dyed with grief; but especially of all other, old Antonio took it in ill part; considering how dearly he loved him, and how tenderly he had brought him up from his infancy: therefore he purposed to practise a means to call him from that uncivil kind of life, if it might possible be brought to pass: so in his old days undertaking this task, he travelled towards Barnsdale Heath; into which being no sooner entred, but some of the ruder sort of these Outlaws ceased upon the old Man, and without any further Violence, brought him before their Lord and Captain: who at the first sight knew him to be his Father (as he thought) and therefore used him most kindly, giving him the best entertainment that he could devise: where, after they had

Tom of Lincoln,

some small time conferred together, the good old man brake out in-
to these speeches.

Oh thou degenerate (quoth he) from natures kind ; Is this thy duty
to thy Fathers age, thus disobediently to live, wounding thy natural
Country with unlawful spoyles ? Is this the comfort of mine age ?
is this thy love unto thy Parents , whose tender care hath been ever
to advance thy estate ? Canst thou behold these milk-white hairs of
mine all to be rent and torn, which I have violently martyred in thy
absence ? Canst thou indure to see my dim eyes , almost sightless
through age, to drop down tears at thy disobedient feet ? Oh !
wherefore hast thou infringed the laws of nature, thus cruelly to kill
thy Fathers heart with grief, and to end his days by thy vicious life ?
Return, return, dear Child, banish from thy breast these base acti-
ons ; that I may say, I have a virtuous Son ; and be not like the vipe-
rous brood , that works the untimely death of their Parents. And
speaking these words, grief so exceeded the bounds of Reason, that
he stood silent, and beginning again to speak, tears trickled from
his eyes in such abundance , that they stayed the passage of his
speech : the which being perceived by the Red-rose Knight, he hum-
bly fell upon his knees, and in this sort spake unto good Antonio.

My dear and reverend Father , if my offence do seem odious in
your eyes, that I deserve no forgiveness, then here behold now your
poor inglorious Son laying his breast open, ready to receive deaths
remorseless stroke from your aged hands , as a due punishment for
this my disobedient crime : but to be reclaimed from this honourable
kind of life (I count it honourable, because it tasteth of man-hood)
first shall the Sun bring day from out of the Western heavens, and
the silver Moon lodge her brightness in the Eastern waves , and all
things else against both kind and nature turn their wonted course.

VVell then (quoth Antonio) if thy resolution be such, that neither
my bitter tears, nor my fair intreaties may prevail to with-draw thy
vain folly, then know (thou most ungracious Impe) that thou art no
Son of mine, but sprung from the bowels of some untamed Tyger,
or wild Lionsess , else wouldest thou humbly submit thy self to my
reverent persuasions: from whence thou camest I know not, but sure
thy breast harbours the Tyranny of some monstrous Tyrant ; from
whose Loynes thou art naturally descended. Thou art no fruit of my
body, for I found thee (in thy Infancy) lying in the fields, cast out as
a Prey for ravening Fowles, ready to be devoured by hunger-starved
dogs :

the Red-Rose Knight.

dogs : but such was my pittie towards thee, that I took thee up , and ever since have fostred thee as mine own child : but now such is thy unbridled folly , that my kind courtesie is requited with extreame ingratitude , which sin, above all others, the immortal powers of Heaven do condemn, and the very Devils themselves do hate : therefore like a Serpent, henceforth will I spit at thee, and never cease to make incessant prayers to the justful Heavens , to revenge this thy monstrous disobedience.

These words being ended, he gave such an extreame sigh , that his very heart brake with grief , and he immediately died in the presence of the Red-rose Knight. For whose death he made more sorrowful lamentation, then Niobe did for her seven Sons. But in recompence of old Antonio's kind love ; that preserved his Infancy from the fury of the ravenous Fowls, he intombed him most stately in the City of Lincoln, whose body he sent thither by certain Passengers whom he had taken, and withal, a thousand pounds in treasures, to be bestowed upon a great Bell to be rung at his Funeral, which Bell he caused to be called *Town of Lincoln*, after his own Name, where to this day it remaineth in the same City : these Passengers being as then rich Merchants of London, having received the dead body of old Antonio, and withal the treasure, went with all speed unto Lincoln, and performed every thing as the Red-rose Knight had appointed.

The death of this good old man not onely caused a general sorrow through the whole City, but strook such an extreame grief to old Antonio's Wife, that she within few days peiled her life to the remorseless stroke of the frosting destinies, and was buried in the same grave where her Husband was intombed : whose deaths we will now leave to be mourned by their dearest friends, and likewise for brevities sake pass over many Stratagems which were accomplished by the Red-rose Knight and his followers upon *Barnsdale Heath*, and return to King Arthur and his Knights, flourishing in the English Court.

CHAP. III.

Of the Conquest of *Portugal* by the Red-rose Knight, and how he was the first that ever triumphed in the City of *London*.

The report of Tom of Lincolns practices grew so general amongst the vulgar sort of people, that at last it came to King Arthurs ears; who imagined in his Princely mind, that he was sprung of his blood, and that he carried lofty thoughts of honour planted in his brest, though shrowded under a Country life: therefore, through kind nature, he purposed to have him resident in Court with him, that he might daily see his sparks of honour shew their resplendent brightness, yet in such obscurity, that he should not know the smallest motion of his Parentage: therefore he called together three of his approved Knights, namely Lancelot du Lake, Sir Tristram, and Sir Triamore, and gave them in charge, if it were possible, to fetch the Red-rose Knight unto his Court: of whose adventures exploits he hath heard so many times reported: and withal, he gave them general pardon, sealed with his privy Seal, for him and all his lawless followers.

This commission being received by the three worthy Knights, they with all speed armed themselves in rich Coislets, and strong habiliments of War, and so rode towards Barnsdale Heach: where being no sooner come, and delivered their Message from the King, but the Red-rose Knight gave them an honourable welcome, and for three days most royally feasted them under large Canvas tents, wherein they slept as securely, as if they had been in King Arthurs Court, or in a strong Castle of War.

After this, Tom of Lincoln selected out an hundred of his resolute followers, such as he liked of, and came with Sir Lancelot, and the rest of the English Court, where King Arthur not onely gave him a friendly entertainment, but also installed him one of the Knights of the Round Table: and withal, proclaimed a solemn Tournament, that should be holden in the honour of this new made Knight: to which Tournament, assembled from other Countreies, many Princes, Barons, and Knights of high honour, which behaved themselves most nobly, and won great commendations of every beholder: but especially the Red-rose Knight, who for that day stood as Champion against all comers: in that Tournament, or first days

the Red-Rose Knight.

days deed of his Knight-hood, where onely by his valour and prowess he overthrew three Kings, and thirty other Knights, all famous for Chivalry, whereby he obtained such grace in the English Court, that he had by the King a pair of golden spurs put upon his feet, and generally of the whole assembly was accounted one of the bravest Knights that then lived in the world.

But now mark how crowning fortune ended their Triumphs with unlucky news: for the same day before the Knights unbuckled their Armour, there arrived a Messenger, who certified King Arthur, how his Embassador was unjustly put to death in the Portugale Court, (which was an act contrary both to the faith of Princes, and the Law of Armes:) For whose death King Arthur grew so enraged, that he swore by the honour of his bright Renown, and by the golden spur of true Knight-hood, the Portugales should repent that inhumane violence, with the death of many thousand guiltless souls; and that babes unborn should have cause to curse the first contriver of that unjust murder: therefore with all speed he mustred up a mighty Army of Souldiers, and because he was continually molested with home-bred Purities, and treacherous rebellions, the which himself in person of force must pacifie) appointed the Red-rose Knight as chief General over the Army mustred for Portugale. In which service he accomplished so many famous exploits, that he was for ever after sir-named, The Boast of England. For no sooner had he the whole camp in charge, and aboard their Ships, but he proved the perfect pattern of an exquisite Souldier: such a one as all martial Captaines may learn to imitate: for he so circumspcally ordered his Captains, that in his Camp was never any bratle of mutiny. He was very courteous and liberal, doing honour to all men according to their deserts. He so painfully, and with such care instructed his Souldiers, that at an instant, always (if it were needful) every man by the sound of a Drum or a Trumpet, was found in his charge or quarter. And (to be brief) his camp resembled one of the greatest Cities in the world, for all kind of Officers were there found in order: and also a great number of Merchants to furnish it with all manner of necessaries. He in no case permitted any robberies, private fighting, force, or violence: but with severity punished those that were therein found guilty. His desire was, that his Souldiers should glory in nothing so much, as in Partial Provows, vertue and wisdom. He
ever:

Tom of Lincoln,

ebermore gave them their pay without fraud or deceit. He honour-
 ed, he praised, he imbraced and kissed them, and withal kept them
 in awe and subjection: by which means his fame and honour grew
 so renowned, that his Army daily increased more and more: For
 when he first arrived upon the coast of Portugal, his Camp grew
 to be as great as ever was Cæsars, when he conquered the Western
 world, and in matchless prowess nothing inferior unto his. So
 fortunate were his proceedings, that he made a great part of the
 Provinces of Portugal desolate, not being intercepted by any, but
 spoiling every Town and City as he went, until such time as the
 Portugal King had gathered together a marvellous number of
 Souldiers, both old, and of much experience, by reason of the con-
 tinual Wars that they had with the Turkish Nation adjoining
 near unto them. But when the Portugal King (like an expert
 souldier) seeing that he might no way resist the English Army, nor
 expel them his country, unless he gave them present Battel,
 therefore trusting in his approved man-hood, and the prowess of
 his Souldiers, he set his Army in a readines, and so marched for-
 ward to meet the Red-rose Knight, and his warlike followers,
 which at that time had pitched his Camp in a large Champion
 plain, adjoining near unto the City of Lisborn, whereas both
 these Armies met: And setting them in order (as it became good
 Captains) there they began in the break of the day, the most
 cruel and terriblest that ever was heard of, or fought in that age,
 considering the number of both parties, their experience and poli-
 cy, with the valiant courage and prowess of their Captains.

In great danger continued this fight, till the Sun began to set,
 with marvellous slaughter on both sides, yet remained the victory
 doubtful, declining neither to the Portugals, nor yet to the English,
 but at last, though long, the Portugals began to faint and die,
 more indeed oppressed with the multitude, then for any fear they
 received in the battel: for the most part of them with honour
 died manfully in the field, some taken Prisoners, and the rest fled
 for their better safety: but now the Portugal King perceiving his
 Souldiers begin to die, with courage he sought to with-draw them
 from fight, resisted in person valiantly the furious rage of the e-
 nemy: but in that enterprise he gained such, and so many knocks,
 that at last he was unhorsed, and for want of rescue, was torred
 to peels himself as Prisoner: whereat the whole Army of the Por-
 tugals

the Red-Rose Knight.

regals were discomfited, and the Victorie sell to the Englishmen; the which being obtained, the Red-rose Knight with his Army entered into the City of Lisborn, where the Common Souldiers were enriched with wealthy spoils, and the Kings Palace ransacked by the Red-rose Knight: where he took such Prisoners as him best liked, and the rest (like an honourable Souldier) he set at liberty, commanding that no violence should be proffered any way.

After this, setting his Army in a readines, he marched towards England, where after some few days travel, he arrived with all his Host in the Western parts of Devonshire, and marching towards London, where against his coming, the Citizens with the inhabitants of other Villages near adjoining, were that day seen in their most sumptuous and rich attire; every one of them endeavouring to place himself in some Gallery or window, that the better and with more ease they might behold the triumphant return of the Red-rose Knight. All the Churches in London were on every side set open, hanged round about with most costly furniture, the streets were also most gloriously beset with green boughs, & strowed with perfumes of no small value: and for the infinite multitude of people that were seen in the City, there were appointed a hundred Whifflers most richly attired, to keep the Streets plain and open, whereby the triumphs might have the easier passage: and for that the diversity of the shewes were so many, that they of necessity were constrained to part them into three several days.

The first day hardly sufficed in good order to bring in the Banners, Standards, and Ensignes of the Conquerour, the golden Images, and Tables of price, which were all brought in on Carts, very curiously painted and trimmed.

On the second day came in the Armour of the Conquered King, as also of all the other Portugal Lords: and as they were rich, bright, and glittering, so were they with most cunning ordered, and couched in wagons. After these, entered three thousand men in order, bearing nothing but money openly to be seen, and that in huge Platters and Tassels of Silber: of which were three hundred and fifty in number, and four of our men allotted to every Assel: the other brought in most artificial Tapestry works; beaurified with Gold and Silber. And thus was the second days triumph ended, in most pompous solemnity.

Upon the third day, even at the rising of the Sun, with the first
C band,

Tom of Lincolnt,

band, entred (as a joyfull sound of Conquest) an infinite number of Flutes, Duncs, and Trumyers, with other like Partial and Warlike instruments, sounding; not alter a most pleasant and sweet manner, but in most terrible soz, as it was possible to be done, then in such order as they do when they presently join Battel. And after them came an hundred and twenty kine, all white, having their horynes curiously guilded with gold, their bodies covered with bails, (which they accounted most sacred and holy) bearing also garlands of flowers upon their heads, driven by certain young Gentlemen, no less well laboured then gorgeously attired. After these followed the Coach of y conquered K. of Portugal, with his own armour laid thereon openly to be seen of all men; his Crown and royal Scepter was laid in seemly cyer upon his Armour. After his Coach came all the multitude and train of prisoners on foot, with his own natural children, being little Infants; and after them followed a great troop of his servants and officers, as Masters of his household, Secretaries, Others, Controllers, Chamberlains, with other Gentlemen of Court, all in a most sorrowfull manner, seeing themselves brought into such extremity and servitude, that they moved to compassion all such as beheld them. Of the Kings Children, there were two Boys, and one Girl, of age so young and tender, that they had small understanding of their misfortune and misery.

In this triumph followed the Father his own Children (after the usage of his Countrey) clad in black mourning garments, sorrowing likewise for his hard misfortune. Then followed sundry of his approved friends: which, beholding in that plight their unhappy Prince, brake out into tears and sighs so bitterly, that their enemies themselves grieved at their mishaps.

After these, followed one which carried certain precious stones, that had been presented to the Red-rose Knight, from some ancient Cities in Portugal, who immediately followed in person triumphantly in his Boorn Chariot, apparelled in Vestures of Purple Tissue, having a Laurel bough in his hand, and a Crown of the same upon his head: after him followed his own souldiers, both Foot-men and Horse-men, all marching in most decent order, armed with rich furniture, holding also each of them a Laurel bough in his hand, their Ensignes & Banners souldier-like, being displayed, sounding Partial melody in honour of their triumphant Captain: with many other like presidents most royal and magnificent.

Thus

the Red-Rose Knight.

Thus in this gallant order marched they into the Kings Chapel, where in the presence of the King and his Lords, which came to honour and grace their triumphs, they gave thanks to God for their successful Victory: and after solemn Service was ended, they departed to King Arthurs Court, where every one, as well strangers as others, were most royally feasted.

The Portugal King seeing his kind entertainment in the English Court, where he was used more like a friend then an Enemy, had small care to return home; but frolicked many a day amongst the English Lords: whose loves unto Strangers he evermore most honourable. But so great were the courtesies that the Noble King Arthur bestowed upon the Portugals, who for their proffered disgraces, requited them liberally with honour: and not only sent them home ransomless, but promised to lend them aid and succour from England, if occasion required: so bearing them company to the Sea-side, he most friendly committed them to the mercy of the winds & waves, which were so favourable, that in short time they arrived safe in their own Countrey, where many a day after they remembered the honourable kindness of the English-men, and caused the Chronicles of Portugal to record the renown of King Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table.

CHAP. IV.

How the *Red-rose Knight* travelled from the King of *Englands* Court, and how he arrived in the *Fairy-land*, where he was entertained by a maiden Queen, and what happened to him in the same Countrey.

NOW after the Portugales were thus conquered, and sent home with great honour, the English King and his Lords, rested themselves many a day in the bowers of Peace, leaving their Armour rusting, and their pampered Steeds standing in their Stable, forgetting their usual manner of wrathful War: which idle ease greatly discontented the magnanimous Red-rose Knight, who thought it a stain to his passed glory, and a scandal to his Princely mind to entertain such base thoughts: and considering with himself how ignorant he was of his Parents, and from whence he was descended, he could not imagine: therefore he purposed to begin a new enterprize, and to travel up and down the world, till he

had either found his Father and Mother, or else perished his life to nature's course in that pretended Journey: so going to the King, full little thinking that he was sprung from so noble a Stock, craving at his graces hand, to grant him such liberty, for to try his Knight-hood in foreign Countreys, whereas yet did never English-man make his adventure; and so eternize his Name to all posterity, rather then to spend his life in such home-bred practices.

To this his honourable request, the King (though loth to forgo his Company, yet because it belonged to knightly attempts) he gave him leave, and withal, furnished him a Ship at his own proper cost and charge, giving free licence to all Knights whatsoever, to bear him company; amongst which number, Sir Lancelot du Lake was the chiefest that proffered himself to that Voyage, who professed such love to the Red-rose Knight, that they plighted their Faiths like sworn Brothers, and to live and die together in all extremities.

So these two English Knights, with the number of a hundred more, all resolute Gentlemen, took leave of the King, and with all speed went on Ship-board: wherein being no sooner entered, but the Pilot hoisted Sail, and disanchored, and so committed their lives and fortunes to the pleasure of Neptunes mercy, upon whose watry Kingdom they had not many days sailed, but Eolus brazen Gates burst open, and the winds so violently troubled the swelling waves, that every minute they were in danger to end their lives in the bottom of the Seas.

Three moneths the wind and the water strove together for supremacy, during which time, they saw no Land, but were driven up and down, to what place the ever changed Destinies listed, so at last they sailed beyond the Sun, directed onely by the light of the Stars, not knowing which way to travel towards Land; but in such extremity for want of Victual, that they were forced to land at a certain Island in the Western parts of the world, inhabited only by women: where being no sooner on Land, and giving God Almighty thanks for delivering them from that mortal Peril which they had now past, but the Red-rose Knight cast up his eyes towards the higher parts of the Countrey, and espied more then two thousand Women coming forth of a City gate, all most richly armed with Breast-plates of Silver, marching in trim Array, like an Army of well approved Souldiers; the which number coming
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the Red-Rose Knight.

neer to the Sea-side, they sent two of their Damsels as Messengers to the English Knights, willing them as they loved their lives, presently to retire again back to the Seas, for that was no Countrey for their abode. But when the courageous and valiant Red-rose Knight of England had understood and heard the bold message of the two Damsels, he was abashed, considering the number of Armed women he saw before him, and the great danger they had suffered before on the Sea for want of Victuals, and other necessities, that he knew not in what manner he was best to answer them, but having a good courage, and would not be daunted by a woman, he at last returned them this Answer, and spake to the two Damsels in this sort.

Right Noble Ladies, I have well understood your speeches: therefore I desire you for to shew such favour unto wandering Travellers, as to tell us what Countrey Fortune hath brought us to: and for what cause we are commanded by you to return to the Sea.

Surely, Sir Knight, (answered one of the Damsels) this Countrey whereon you are arrived, it is not very big, but yet most fertile and commodious: and is called by the name of the *Fairy-land*: And now to shew you the cause why you are commanded to return, this it is. Not many years ago, there reigned in this Countrey a King which had to name *Larmos*, for wisdom and prowess not his equal was found in any of these parts of the world. This King had such continual war against the bordering Islanders, that upon a time he was constrained to muster for the same war, all the men both young and old which were found in his Kingdom, whereby the whole Countrey was left destitute of men, to the great discontentment of the Ladies and Damsels that here inhabited: whereupon they finding themselves together, with the Daughter of King *Larmos*, which is called *Celia*, no less in beauty, then in Vertue and Wisdom: These Ladies and Damsels being gathered together, with a general consent, dispatched certain Messengers to the King, and to their Husbands, willing them to return unto their Countrey, and not to leave their Wives and Children in such extremity, without the comfort and company of Man. Upon which the King answered, that he had besieged his Enemies in their Towns of War; and before one man should return home till he came with conquest, his Countrey should be lost and made desolate, and the Women given over to the spoil of his Enemies: Which answer, when the Ladies had received, they took it in evil part, that they conspired against their King, and Husbands, and
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Tom of Lincoln,

put to death all the Men-children that were in the Country : and after determined, when their Husbands, Fathers, and Friends returned from the war, that they should the first night of their coming be slain sleeping in their beds, and that never after they should suffer man to enter into their Country. After this conclusion, they crowned *Celia* the Kings Daughter for their Queen : and so afterward, when the King and his Army returned from the wars, this bloody murder was practised, and not a man left alive, but onely the King reserved, whom *Celia* would in no wise against nature murder; but yet notwithstanding she delivered him into the hands of her chiefest Ladies, which put him into a boat alone, and so sent him to Sea to seek his fortune ; Therefore most Noble Knight, this is the cause why you may not enter into our Countrey : which if you do, and not presently withdraw yourself unto the Sea, the Ladies will suddenly give you a marvellous Battel.

Now, by the everliving God which English men adore, (said the Noble Red-rose Knight) such extremity have we suffered at Sea, that we are all like to perish and die with hunger, unless we find some succour at your hands; and before we will end our lives with famine, we will enter Battel with those Ladies, and so die with honour in the Field; yet this kindness do we humbly desire at your hands, to return unto your Queen, and certifie her of our poor estate and necessity, and that we altogether instantly desire her, that if there be any spark of vertue, or nobility harboured in her breast, that she will have pity upon us, and suffer us not to end our lives by such an unhappy kind of death.

With this request the two Damsels returned to the Queen, and recounted from word to word the humble suit of the Red-rose Knight, and what extremity they were in : which when the Queen understood that they were Knights of England, the same of that Countrey she had so often heard reported, she demanded what manner of people they were, and of what condition : Surely, Madam, answered one of the two Damsels, I never in all my life saw more goodly men nor better spoken, and it is to be supposed they be the choise of all humane people, and with courteous demeanours are able to draw the merciless and savage Nation to affect them.

The Queen hearing the Damsel so highly to commend the English Knights, thinking also upon their request, began (in mind) to have pity upon their misadventures, and so instantly sent for them.

the Red-Rose Knight.

them, and gave them free liberty to make their abode in her countrey: which incontinently when the English Knights heard, how they should receive a kind welcome, and a friendly entertainment, grew so exceeding joyfull, as though Heaven had sent them present comfort: so coming before the Queen and her Ladies, they saluted each other most courteously, and with great reverence: but when the vertuous Queen beheld this noble Company before her, in all humility, she delivered to a hundred of her Ladies, the hundred English Knights, and reserved the Princely Red-rose Knight unto her self: and so were they brought to the Queens Palace, where every Lady treated her Knight in most gallant sort, and to their hearts content. But now when the Queen had the Red-rose Knight in her Chamber, and had beheld the exceeding beauty of the Noble Prince, she took him by the hand and led him into one of her chambers, where she shewed him her riches and treasure, and spake unto him in this manner.

Most noble and valiant English-man, these riches be all only at thy commandment, and also my body, which here I offer up as a gift and present to thy divine excellency: and furthermore, there is nothing of value, which I am Mistress of, but shall be at thy disposing, to the intent that my love may be acceptable to thy gracious eyes. But when the Red-rose Knight perceived to what intent she spake these words, in this manner answered her saying.

Most dear Princess, & fair Queen of this Maiden Countrey, I give you right humble thanks for these your courtesies, & by no means possible may I deserve this high honour you have graced me with.

Oh great Knight (replied then the Queen) the smallest thought of your honourable mind, is sufficient to recompence the uttermost of my desires: yet let me request this one thing at your noble hands, that never asked the like favour of any one before, for she that never knew the least motion of love, is now pricked with a hundred torments: and unless you quench the ardent affection wherewith my heart is fired, with pleasant hopes of some comfortable smiles, I am like to die desperate, and then the world will accuse you of cruelty, in murdering a constant Lady: but if it shall please you to grant me love, and to espouse me according to Miners holy Rites, here shall you rule sole King, and be Lord of all this Countrey.

My right dear Lady, (answered then the Red-rose Knight) you have done such pleasure to me, and to my distressed followers, in
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Tom of Lincoln,

preserving us from famine, as I shall never requite it, though I should spend all the rest of my life in your Service. And know (most excellent Princess) that there is no adventure so dangerous, yet at your commandment would I practice to accomplish: yet for to trye my self in Wedlocks bonds, there is no woman in the world shall procure me: for until I have finished an adventure which in my heart I have vowed, I will not link my affection to any Lady in the world. But think not (Sadam) that I refuse your love through disdain: for I swear by the dignity King Arthur grac'd me with, I should think my self most fortunate, if I had so fair and Noble a Lady, as your divine self.

Most worthy Knight, (then answered the Queen) I imagine that the gods have sent you into this Country for two causes principally. The first is, that you and your followers should be preserved from death by my means: The second is, that you should inhabit in this country, lest it should in short time be left as a desert wilderness: for it is inhabited only by women, without a King, and have no other Governor but me, which are their chief Princess: And for so much as I have succoured you, so succour you this desolate City, that it may be re-peopled with your seed: and in so doing, you shall accomplish a vertuous deed, and win to your names an eternal memory to all ensuing ages.

I confess (quoth the Red-rose Knight) that you and your Ladies have succoured me and my followers in our great necessity: and in recompense whereof, we will implore all our endeavours to the re-peopling again of this Countrey: But in regard of the secret vow my heart hath made, I will not yield my self to your desires, for if I should infringe my Oath, mine honour were greatly impaired: And before I would commit that dishonourable fact, I would suffer the greatest torment that mans heart can imagine.

Incontinently, when the love-sick Queen heard this answer of the English Knight, and perceived that he was firm in his purpose, she took leave of him, and departed for that time: the Red-Rose Knight likewise withdrew himself into his Chamber, pondering in his mind a thousand imaginations. But she for her part was so troubled in mind, and so wounded with the darts of blind Cupid, that when the misty darkness of the night had covered the earth, she laid her down upon her bed, where betwixt shame & her heart, began a terrible battel. Her heart was encouraged, that she should
go

the Red-Rose Knight.

go and lie with him : but shame began to blush, and withstood that perswasion: by which means the bartel was great, and endured a long time, but at last the heart was Conquerour, and shame vanquished and put to flight, in such sort that the fair Queen arose from her bed, and went and laid her down by her beloved Knight, where he slept : and being in the bed, she began fearfully to tremble, for shame still followed her unlawful practices : where after her quivering heart began a little to be qualified, with her trembling hand she awaked him, and after spake in this manner;

My most dear and affectionate Friend : though like a careless wretch I come unto thee apparelled with shame, yet let my true love colour this my infamous presumption : for your Princely person, and Kingly demeanours, like Adamantis have drawn my Steele heart to commit this shamefull act; yet let not my fervent affection be required with disdain : and although you will not consent to be my wedded Lord and Husband, yet let me be thy love & secret friend, that a poor distressed Queen may think her self happy in an English-mans love.

When the Noble Knight heard the fair Celas voice, and felt her by his side all naked, he was sore abashed, that he wist not what to do : but yet at last having the nature and courage of a man, he turned to her, using many amorous speeches, embracing & kissing each other in such manner, that fair Celia was conceived with Child, and waxed great of a right fair Son, of whom she was in process of time safely delivered, as you shall hear discoursed of at large in the following History.

But to be short, during the space of four months, the Fairy Ladies lay with the English Knights, & many of them were conceived with their seed, in such sort, that the Countrey was afterward re-peopled with Male-children, & what happened amongst them in the mean season, I will pass over for this time: for the days & nights that he & the rest pass on their course : in which time their Ship was replenished with all necessaries, & the Red-Rose Knight summoned together Sir Lancelot, & the rest, & being assembled, he said unto them :

My good friends and countrey-men, you know, that long time we have sojourned in this Countrey, spending our days in idle pastimes to the reproach of our former glories : now my intent is, within these three days to depart this Countrey, therefore let every man make himself in readines : for there is not greater dishonour to adventurous Knights, then to spend their days in Ladies bosoms,

Tom of Lincoln,

When Sir Lancelot and the other English Gentlemen heard the forward disposition of the Red-rose Knight, they were all exceeding joyful, and answered him, that with great willingness they would all be ready at the time appointed.

But now when the Faery Ladies perceived the preparations that the English Knights made for their departure, they grew exceedingly sorrowful, and complained one to another in a most grievous manner: but amongst the rest, the Queen was most displeased, who with a sorrowful and sad heart came unto the Red-rose Knight, and in this manner complained to him:

Alas, alas my dear Lord have you that tyrannous heart, to withdraw your self from me, and forsake me before you see the fruit of your noble person, which is nourished with my blood Dear Knight, behold with pity my womb, the Chamber & Mansion of your blood: Oh let that be a means to stay you, that my Child as yet unborn, be not Fatherless by your departure. And in speaking these words, she began to weep and sigh bitterly, and after to whisper secretly to her self in this order.

O ye immortal heavens! how may mine eyes behold the departure of my joy? for being gone, all comfort in the world will forsake me, and all consolation flye from me; and contrariwise, all sorrow will pursue me, and all misfortune come against me. O what a sorrow it will be to my soul, to see thee floating on the dangerous Seas, where every minute perils do arise ready to overwhelm thee in the bottomless Ocean: and being once exempted thy sight, my heart for evermore will lie in the bed of tribulation, under the coverture of mortal distress, and between the sheets of eternal bewailings: yet if there be no remedy, but that thou wilt needs depart, swear unto me, that if thou dost accomplish thy pretended Voyage, what it is I know not, that thou wilt return again to this Country, to tell me of thy happy Fortunes, and that mine eyes may once more behold thy lovely countenance, which is as delectable to my soul, as the Joys of Paradise.

When the Noble English Knight understood that the Queen descended to his departure, upon condition of his return, to which he solemnly protested, if the gods gave him life and good fortune, to perform her request: whereby the Fairy Queen was somewhat comforted: and having great hope of the return of her dear love, she ceased her lamentations. And now to abridge the story, the time came

the Red-Rose Knight.

came that the valiant English-men should go on ship-board : upon which day the Red-rose Knight and his followers took leave of the Noble Queen and her Ladies, thanking them for their kind entertainments, and so went to the Port of the Sea, where they entered their ships, and so departed from the Faery Land: after this, when Cel'a had born her Babe in her Womb full forty weeks, she was delivered of a fair Son, who came afterwards to be called the Faery Knight; which for this time we will not touch, but refer it to the Second Part of this History.

CHAP. V.

What happened to the English Knights, after their departure from the Faery Land.

WITH a prosperous Wind sailed these English Knights, many a League from the Faery Land, to their great content and hearts desire, where every thing seemed to prognosticate their happy adventures: so upon a day when the Sun shone clear, & a gentle calm Wind caused the Seas to lie as smooth as Crystal Ice, whereby their Ship lay floating upon the Waves, not able to remove: for whilst the Dolphins danced upon the silver streams, and the red gild fishes leaped about the ship, the Red-rose Knight requested Sir Lancelot, to drive away the time with some Courteous discourse, whereby they might not think their Voyage over-long. Unto which the good Sir Lancelot most willingly agreed: and although he was a martial Knight, delighting to hear the relentless sound of angry Drums, which thunder threats from a Massacre, yet could he like an Orator, as well discourse a Lovers History: therefore requesting the Red-rose Knight, and the other English Gentlemen to sit down and listen to the Tale that followeth.

The Pleasant History which Sir Lancelot du Lake told to the Red-rose Knight, being on Ship-board.

AT that time of the year, when the Birds had nipt away the tatter'd leaves, and Flora with her pleasant Flowers, had enriched the earth, and in-cloathed Trees, Herbs, and Flowers, with Natures Tapestry, when the golden Sun with his glistening Beams did glad mens hearts, and every Leaf as it were, did bear

Tom of Lincoln,

the form of love, by nature painted upon it : This blessed time did cause the Grecian Emperour to proclaim a solemn Turnament to be holden in his Court, which as then was replenished with many worthy and valiant knights : but his desire chiefly was, to behold his Princely son Valentine, to try his valour in the Turnament.

Many were the Ladies that repaired thither, to behold the worthy Triumphs of this young Prince : amongst which number, came the beautiful Dulcippa, a Maiden which as then waited upon the Emperess, being daughter to a Countrey Gentleman. This Dulcippa, like Apollos Flower, being the fairest Virgin in that Company, had so firmly settled her love upon the Emperours Son, that it was impossible to expel it from her heart. Likewise, his affection was no less in fervency then hers : so that there was a just equality in their loves and liking, though a difference in their Births and Callings.

This Princely Valentine (for so was the Emperours Son called) entered the lists in costly Armour, most richly wrought with Orient Pearls, his Crest encompassed with Sapphire Stones, and in his hand a sturdy Lance. Thus mounted upon a milk-white Steed, he vaunted for himself to try his war-like force : and in prancing up and down, he many times (tho' to his Fever) stole a view of his fair Dulcippas face : at which time, there kindled in his Breast two sundry Lamps, the one was to win the honour of the day ; the other to obtain the love of his Mistress. On the other side, Dulcippa did nothing but report the valiant Acts of his prowess and Chivalry, in such sort, that there was no other talk amongst the Ladies, but of Valentines honourable attempts.

No sooner was the Turnaments ended, and his love begun, but Dulcippa departed to her lodging, where sighs did serve as Bellows to kindle loves fire. Valentine in like manner, being wounded to death, still roamed up and down to find a salve for his franchiseless thirst : so seeks Dulcippa to restore her self to her former liberty : for she being both beloved and in love, knew not the means to comfort her self. Sometimes she did exclaim against her wandering eyes, and wished they had been blind when first they gazed upon the beauty of Princely Valentine : sometimes in visions she beheld his face cheerful, smiling upon her countenance ; and presently again, she thought she saw his martial hands bathed all in purple blood, staining her love and former courtships. With that she started

the Red-Rose Knight.

started from her dreaming passion, wounding her tender hands, till floods of silver-dropping tears trickled down her face; her golden hairs that had wont to be bound up in threads of gold, hung dangling down about her Ivory neck; the which in most outrageous sort the rent and tore, till that her hair, which before looked like the burnished gold, was died now in purple and vermillion blood. In this strange passion remained this distressed Lady, till the golden Sun had three times lodged in the Western Seas, and the silver Moon her shining face in the Palace of the Crystal Clouds. At this time a heavy slumber possessed all her senses; for the whole eyes before in three days, and as many nights, had not shut up their closets, was now locked up in silent sleep; lest her heart over-burthened with grief, by some untimely manner should destroy it self.

But now return we to the worthy Valentine, who sought not to pine in passion, but to court it with the best, considering with himself, that a faint heart never gained fair Lady: therefore he purposed boldly to discover his love unto the fair Dulcippa, building upon a fortunate success, considering that she was but Daughter to a Gentleman, and he a Prince born: so attiring himself in costly silks, wearing in his Hat an Indian Pearl, cut out of Ruby red. On either side a golden Arrow thrust through a bleeding heart, to declare his earnest affection. In this manner went he to his beloved Lady, whom he found in company of other Ladies, waiting upon the Empress: who taking her by the hand, he led her aside into a Gallery near adjoining: where he began in this manner to express the Passion of his love.

Sacred Dulcippa, (quoth he) in beauty brighter then glistering Cynthia, when with her means she beautifies the vale of heaven, Thou art that Cynthia, that with thy brightness dost light my cloudy thoughts, which have many days been over-cast with stormy showers of love: shine with thy beams of mercy on my mind, and let thy light conduct me from the obscure Labyrinth of love. If tears could speak then should my tongue keep silence: Therefore let my sighs be messengers of true love. And though in words I am not able to deliver the true meaning of my desires: yet let my cause beg pity at your hands; otherwise your denial drowns my soul in a bottomless Sea of sorrow: one of these two (most beautiful Lady) do I desire: to give life with a cheerful smile, or death with a fatal frown.

Valentine having no sooner ended his loves Oration, but she with a scarlet countenance, returned him this joyful answer: Most

Tom of Lincoln,

Most noble Prince, thy words within my heart have knit a Gordian knot, which no earthly wight may untie: for it is knit with faithful love, and tears distilling from a constant mind. My heart which never yet was subject to any one, do I freely yield up into thy bosom, where it for evermore shall rest, till the fatal Sisters cut our lives asunder.

And in speaking these words they kissed each other, as the first earnest of their loves. With that the Empress came thorow the gallery, who espying their secret conference, presently nursed in her secret hate, which she intended to practise against the guiltless Lady, thinking it a scandal to her Sons birth to match in Marriage with one of so base a Parentage: therefore purposing to cross their loves with disinal Stratagems and dire tragedics, she departed in her chamber, where she cloaked up her treacheries in silence, and pondered in her heart how she might end their loves, & finish Dulcippas life. In this tragical imagination remained she all the night, hammering in her head a thousand several practices. But no sooner was the deawy earth comforted with the hot beams of Apollos fire, but this thirsting Empress arose from her dreadful Bed, penning her self closely within her Chamber, like one that made no conscience to kill: she in all hast sent for a Doctour of Physick, not to give Physick to restore health, but Poison for untimely death; who being no sooner come into her presence, but presently she locked the Chamber-door, and with an angry countenance staring him in the face, she breathed this horrour into his harmlesse ears.

Doctour, thou knowest how oft in secret matters I have used thy help, wherein as yet I never saw thy faith falsified: but now amongst the rest, I am to require thy aid in an earnest business. So secret, that if thou dost but tell it to the whispering winds, it is sufficient to spread it through the whole world: whereby my practices may be discovered, and I be made a noted reproach to all hearers.

Madam (quoth the Doctour, whose heart harboured no thought of Uddys deede) what needs all these circumstances, where duty doth command my true obedience? dost not therefore, gentle Empress, to make me privy to your thoughts: for little did he think her mind could harbour so vile a thought: but having conjured most strongly secretly, she spoke to him as followeth:

Doctour, the labe (nay, rather, raging lust) which I have spied of late, betwixt my unnatural Son, & proud Dulcippa, may in short time (as thou knowest) bring a sudden alteration of our State, considering

the Red-Rose Knight.

dering that he being borne a Prince, & descended from a royal race, should match in Marriage with a base & ignoble Maiden, daughter but to so mean a Gentleman: therefore if I should suffer this secret love to go forward, and seek not to prevent it, the Emperour might condemn me of falshood, & judge me an agent in this unlawful love: which to avoid, I have a practice in my head, & in thy hand it lies, to procure thy Princes happiness, and Countreys good. Dulcippa's Father (as thou knowest) dwells about three miles from my Palace, unto whose house I will this day send Dulcippa, about such business as I think best, where thou shalt be appointed, and none but thou, to conduct her thither: where is a thick and bushy Grove, which standeth directly in the mid-way, thou shalt give her the cup of death, and so free my heart from suspicious thoughts.

This bloody practice being pronounced by the Emperess, caused such a terror in the Doctors mind, that he trembled with this sorrowful complaint.

O thou immortal powers of heaven, you guiders of my hapless fortunes, why have you thus ordained me to be the bloody murderer of a chaste & vertuous Lady, & the true pattern of sobriety, whose untimely overthrow if I should but once conspire, Dian's Nymphs would turn their wonted natures, & stain their hands with my accursed blood: therefore, most glorious Emperess, cease your determination, for my heart will not let my hand commit so foul a villany.

And wilt thou not do it then (replied the Emperess, with a mind fraught with rage and blood?) I do protest (quoth he) by heavens bright Majesty, except thou dost consent to accomplish my intent, thy head shall warrant this my secrecie. Stand not on fears, my resolute attempt is clean impatient of objections.

The Doctor hearing this resolution, and that nothing but Dulcippas death might satisfie her wrath, he consented to her request, and purposed cunningly to dissemble with the bloody Queen, who believed that he would perform what she so much desired, so departing out of her Chamber, she went to the guiltless Lady, sending her on this fatal Peltage; who like to a hapless Bellerophon was ready to carry an Embassage of her own death. But in the mean time the Doctor harboured in his breast a world of bitter woes, to think how vilely this vertuous Lady was betrayed; and considering in his mind, how that he was forced by constraint to perform this Tragedy; therefore he purposed not to give her a
Cup.

Tom of Lincoln,

Cup of Poyson, but a sleeping drink, to cast her into a Trance, which she should as a cup of Death receive; as well to try her vertuous constancy, as to rid himself from so hainous a crime.

But now return we to Dalcippa, who being sped of her message, went with the Doctor walking on the way, where all the talk which then had, was of the liberal praise of Prince Valentine, who remained in Court, little mistrusting what had happened to his beloved Lady: and she likewise ignorant of the hurt that was pretended against her life: but being both alone together in the Wood, where nothing was heard but chirping Birds, which with their voices seemed to mourn at the Ladies misfortune. But now the Doctor breaking off their former talk, took occasion to speak as followeth:

Man of all other creatures (most vertuous Lady) is most miserable: nature hath ordained to every Bird a pleasant Tune to bemoan their misshaps, the Nightingale doth complain her Rape and lost Virginitie within the desert Groves, the Swan doth likewise sing a doleful tune a while before she dies, as if heaven had inspired her with some foreknowledge of things to come. You Madam, now must sing your Swan-like Song: for the pretty birds I see do droop their hanging heads, and mourn to think that you must dye. Marvel not Madam, the angry Queen will have it so. Accurst am I, being constrained to be the bloody instrument of so tyrannous a Fact. Accurst am I, that have ordained that Cup, which must by poyson stanch the thirst of the bloody Empress: and most accursed am I, that cannot withstand the angry fates, which have appointed me to offer violence unto vertue.

And in speaking these words, he delivered the Cup into the Ladies hands: who like a Lamb that was led to the slaughter, used silence for her excuse. Many times lifted she up her eyes toward the sacred throne of Heaven, as though the gods had sent vengeance upon her guiltless soul, and at last breathed forth these sorrowfull lamentations.

Never (quoth she) shall vertue stoop to vice: Never shall Death affright my soul, nor never poyson quench that lasting love which my true heart doth bear to Princely Valentine, whose spirit I hope shall meet me in the joyfull fields of Elyzium, to call those Ghosts that d ed for faithful love, to hear me witness, of my faith and loyalty: And so taking the Cup, she said, Come, come, thou most blessed cup, wherein is contained that happy drink which gives rest to troubled minds.

the Red-Rose Knight.

minds. And thou most blessed wood, bear witness that I mix this baneful drink with tears distilling from my bleeding heart. These lips of mine which had wont to kiss Prince Valentine, shall now most willingly kiss this ground that must receive my Corps. The author of my death I'll bless, for she honours me in that I die for my sweet Valentines sake. And now, Doctor, to thee (being the instrument of this my death) I do bequeath all earthly happiness, and here, withal, I drink to Valentines good fortune.

So drinking off the Potion, she was presently cast into a trance; which the poor Lady supposed death. The Doctor greatly admiring at her vertuous mind, erected her body against an aged Oak, where he left her sleeping, & with all speed returned to the hateful Queen, and told her that he had performed her Majesties command: who gave him many thanks, and promised to requite his secretie with a large recompence.

But now speak we again of Prince Valentine, who had intelligence how the only comfort of his heart had ended her life by poysons violence: for which cause he leaves the Court, and converted his rich attire into ruffful Robes; his costly coloured garments, to a homely Russet Coat; and so travelling to the solitary Woods, he vowed to spend the rest of his days in a Shepherds life; his Royal Scepter was turned into a simple Shepheard, & all his pleasure was to keep his Shep from the teeth of the ravenous Wolves.

Three times had glistering Phebus renewed her horned wings, and decked the Elements with her smiling countenance: three moneths were past, three moons had likewise run their wonted compass, before the Grecian Emperour miss his Princely Son: whose want was no sooner bruited through the Court, but he echoed forth this horror to himself:

What cursed planet thus indirectly rules my hapless course; or what uncouth driery Fate hath bereaved me of my Princely Son? Love, send down thy burning Thunder-bolts, and strike them dead that be procurers of his want: but if (sweet Venus) he be dead for love, hover his Ghost before mine eyes, that he may discover the cause of his afflictions. But contrariwise, if his life be finished by the fury of some murderious mind, then let my exclamations pierce to the justful Majesty of heaven, that never sun may shine upon his hated head, which is the cause of my Valentines decay: or, that the angry Furies may lend me their whips, incessantly to scourge their purple souls, till my Sons wrongs be sufficiently revenged.

C

Thus,

Tom of Lincoln,

Thus or in such a like frantick humour ran he up and down his Palace, till reason pacified his outrageous thoughts, and by persuasion of his Lords he was brought into his quiet Bed. Mean space, Diana the Queen of chastity with a train of beautiful Nymphs, by chance came through the Woods where Dulcippa was left in a trance; in which place rousing the Thickets in pursuit of a wild Hart, the Queen of chastity espied the harmless Lady standing against a Tree, and her sweet breath to pass thorough her closed lips: at whose presence, the Queen a while stood wondering at; but at last with her sacred hand she awaked her, and withal, asked the cause of her trance, and by what means she came thither: Which poor awaked Lady being amazed both at her sudden Appearance, & the strangeness of her passed fortune and distress, with far fetcht sighs she related what happened to her in those desert Woods. The heavenly Goddess, being moved with pity, with a smiling voice cheered her up, and with a Kiss taken from the ground, she wiped the tears from off Dulcippas tender cheeks, which like a river trickled from her Crystal eyes. This being done, Diana with an Angels voice spoke unto her as followeth:

Sweet Virgin (for so it seems thou art) far better would it besit thy happy estate (happy I term it) having past so many dangers, to spend the remnant of thy life amongst my train of Nymphs, whereas springeth nothing but chastity and purity of life. Dulcippa, though in her love both firm and constant, yet did she condescend to dwell with Dianas Nymphs; where now instead of parley with courtly Gallants, she singeth songs, carols, and roundelays; instead of Pen and Ink, wherewith she was wont to write Love-letters she exerciseth her Bow and Arrows to kill the swift fat Dear; and her downy Beds are pleasant Groves, where pretty Lambs do graze.

But now return we again to the raging Emperour, who stirred out the matter in such sort, that he found the Emperess guilty of her Sons want, and the Doctor to be the instrument of Dulcippas death: who being desperate, like one that utterly detested the cruelty of the Emperess, would not alledge that he had but set the Lady in a Trance, but openly confessed that he had poisoned her, and for that fact was willing to offer up his life to satisfy the law; therefore the angry Emperour swears, that nothing shall satisfy his Sons rebengement but death; and thereupon straightly commanded the Emperess to be put in Prison, and the Doctor likewise to

the Red-Rose Knight.

to be locked in a strong Tower ; but per because she was his law-
ful Wife, and a Prince's born, he something thought to mitigate
the Law, that if any one within a twelve month and a day, would
come offer himself to combat in her cause against himself, which
would be the Appealant Champion, she should have life, if not, to
be burnt to ashes, in sacrifice of his Sons death: all which was
performed as the Emperour had commanded.

But now all this while the poor Prince lives alone within the
Woods, making his complaints to the flocks of sheep, and washing
their Wool with his distressed tears. His bed whereon his body
rested, was turned into a Sun-burnt bank ; his Chair of State,
covered with grass ; his Musick, the whistling winds ; the Rhetorick,
piteous complaints and moans, wherewith he bewailed his
distressed fortunes, and the bitter crosses of his unhappie love.

The solitary place wherein this Prince remained, was not far
distant from the Grove where Dulcippa led her sacred life : who by
chance in the morning at the Suns uprising, attired in green Vest-
ments, bearing in her hand a Bow beuded, and a quiver of Ar-
rows hanging at her back, with her hair tied up in a Willow-
wreath, lest the Bushes should catch hold of her golden tresses, to
beautifie their branches: in this manner coming to hunt a savage
Hart, she was surprized by a bloody Satyre, bent to Rape, who
with a bloody mind pursued her : and coming to the same place
where Valentine fed his mourning Lambs, he overtook her, where-
at she gave such a terrible shriek in the wood, that she stirred up
the Shepherds Princely mind to rescue her : but now when the
bloody Satyre beheld a face of Majesty, shrouded in a Shepherds
cloathing, immediately he scudded through the Woods, more swift
then ever the fearful Deer did run.

But now gentle Reader, here stay to read a while, and think
upon the happy meeting of these Lovers : for surely the imaginati-
on hereof will lead a golden wit into the Labyrinth of heavenly
joys : but being breathless in avoiding passed dangers, they could
not speak a word, but with fixed all eyes, stood gazing each other in
the face : but coming again to their former senses, Valentine brake
silence with this wavering speech:

What heaven y Wight art thou (quoth he) which with thy beauty
hast inspired me ?

I am no Goddess (replied she again) but a Virgin vowed to keep
Diana

Tom of Lincoln,

Diana company. Dulcippa is my name, a Lady sometime in the Gre-
cian Court, whilst happy Fortune smiled; but being cross in love, here
do I vow to spend the remnant of my days.

And with that, he catching the word out of her mouth, said :

O ye immortal gods ! and is my Dulcippa yet alive ? I, I, alive I
see she is ; I see that sweet celestial beauty in her face , which hath
banished deep sorrow from my heart. And with that kissing her, he
said: See, see, Fairest of a l Fairs that Nature ever made, I am thy Cla-
rentine, that unhappy Love, the Prin. e of Grece, the Emperours true
Son, who for thy lovely sake am thus disguised, and for thy love have
left the gallant Court, for this sweet and homely Coun'rey I fe.

With that, he took him about his manly Neck, and breathed
man a bitter sigh into his bosom : and after with weeping tears
discoursed all her passed dangers, as well the cruelty of the Emperess
as of the heinous deed of the good Doctor. And having both ac-
counted their passed fortunes , they consented (disguised as they
were) to travel to the Grecian Court , to see if the Destinies had
transformed the State of the Emperour or his Regiment: for now
no longer out-cries, nor heaby stratagenis, or sorrowful thoughts
sought to pursue them; but smiling fortune, gracious delights, and
happy blessings. Now fortune never meant to turn her wheele a-
gain, to cross them with calamities, but intended with her hand to
pour into their hearts opl of lasting peace. Thus whilst Apolloes
beams did parch the tender twigs, these two Lovers sat still under
the branches of a shady Beech, recounting still their joys and plea-
sures : and sitting both thus upon a grassy Banck, there came by
them an aged old man , bearing in his withered hand a Staff to
stay his benumbed body ; whose face when Prince Valentine be-
held, with a gentle voice he spake unto him in this sort :

Father, God save you: How happeneth that you wearied with age,
do travel through the desert Groves , besitting such as can withstand
the checks of Fortunes sickleness: Come, fair old man, sit down by ns,
whose winds of late were mingled with grief, and cross with worldly
cares.

This good Old Hermit, hearing the courteous Request of the
Prince, sat down by them, and in sitting down , he stumbled forth
this Speech.

I come, young man, from yonder City, where the Emperour holds
a very heavy Court, and makes exceeding sorrow for the want of his
Eldest

the Red-Rose Knight.

Eldest Son, and for a Lady which is likewise absent: the Empress being found guilty of their wants, is kept close prisoner, and is condemned to be burnt, unless within a twelve moneth and a day, she can get a Champion that will enter battel in her cause: and with her a Doctor also is adjudged to suffer death. Great is the sorrow that is there made for this noble prince, and none but commends his vertue: and withal the deserved praises of the absent Lady.

Fa her (replied then the Prince) thou hast told us tidings full of bitter truth able to enforce an Iron heart to lament: for cruel is the doom, and most unnatural the Emperour, to deal so hardly with his Queen.

Nay, (quoth the old man) if she be guilty, I cannot pity her, that will cause the ruine of so good a Prince: for higher powers must give example unto their Subjects.

By Lady, Father, (quoth the Princely shepherd) you can well guess of matters touching Kings, and be a witness of this accident; we will presently go unto the Court, and see what shall betide unto this distressed Queen.

This being said, they left the aged man, and so travelled towards the Grecian Court, and by the way, the Lovers did consult, that Prince Valentine attired like a Shepherd, should offer himself to combat in his Mothers cause, and so to express the kind love and Nature which was lodged in his Princely Breast: but being no sooner arrived in the Court, and seeing his father to take the Combat upon himself, presently he knæled down, and like an obedient Son, discovered himself, and withal, Dulcippas strange fortunes: whereupon the Empress & the Doctor were presently delivered, & did both most willingly consent to join these two lovers in the bands of marriage, where after they spent their days in peace and happiness.

This pleasant discourse being ended, which Sir Lancelot had told to the exceeding pleasure of the greatest company, but especially of the Red-rose Knight, who gave many kind thanks. At this time the winds began to rise and blow cheerfully, by which they sailed on their journey successively from one coast to another, till at the last they arrived upon the coasts of Prester Johns Land, which was in an Evening when the day began to lose her chypstal Mantle, and to give place to the sable garments of gloomy night: where they cast Anchor unseen of any of that Countreys inhabitants.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

What happened to the Red-rose Knight, and his company in the Court of Prester John; and how the Red-rose Knight slew a Dragon with three tongues, that kept a golden tree in the same Countrey; with other attempts that happened.

THe next morning by the break of day, the Red-rose Knight rose from his Cabin, and went upon the Hatches of the ship, casting his eyes round about, to see if he could espy some Town or City, where they might take Harbour, and in looking about, espied a great spacious City, in the middle whereof stood a most sumptuous Palace, having many high Towers standing in the air like the Grecian Pyramides, the which he supposed to be the Palace of some great Potentate: therefore calling Sir Lancelot (with two other Knights) unto him, he requested them to go up into the City, and to enquire of the Countrey, and who was the Governour thereof, the which thing they promised to do: so arming themselves (as it was convenient, being strangers in that Countrey) they went up into the City; where they were presently presented unto Prester John, who (being always liberal and courteous unto strangers) gave them a Royal entertainment, leading them up into his Palace: and having intelligence that they were English-men, and adventurous Travellers, he sent four of his Knights for the rest of their company, desiring them in the Knights behalf to return to the Court, where they should have a friendly welcome, and a richly entertainment.

Thus when the Red-rose Knight had understood the will of Prester John by his four Knights, the next evening with his whole company he repaired to the City, which was right noble and fair, and although it was night, yet were the streets as light as though it had been mid-day, by the clear resplendant brightness of Torches, Cressets, and other lights which the Citizens ordained to the entertaining of the English Knights. The Streets through which they passed to go to the Kings Palace, were filled with people, as Burgo-masters, Knights, and Gentlemen, with Ladies and beautiful Damselfs, which in comely order stood beholding their coming. But when the Red-rose Knight was entred the Palace, he found the renowned Prester John sitting upon his Princely Throne.

the Red-Rose Knight.

Throne, underpropt with Pillars of Jasper Stone : who after he had given them an honourable welcome, he took the Red-rose Knight by the hand, and led him up into a large and sumptuous Hall, the richest that ever he had seen in all his life : But in going up certain staires, he looked in at a window, and espied fair Anglitora the Kings Daughter, sporting amongst other Ladies : which was the fairest Maid that ever mortal eye beheld, and I think that Nature her self could not frame her like : but being entred the Hall, they found the Tables covered with costly fare, ready for supper : when as the English Knights were set at the Kings Table, in company of Prester John and Anglitora, with other Ladies attending (having good Stomacks) they fed lustily : but Anglitora, which was placed right over against the Red-rose Knight, led only upon his beauty and Princely behaviour, nor being able to withhold her eyes from his divine excellency : but the renowned Prester John for his part spent away the supper-time with many pleasant conferences touching the Countrey of England, and King Arthurs Princely Court : the report of which same had so often sounded in his ears. But amongst all other devices, he told the English Knights of a tree of gold, which now grew in his Realm, and pearly brought forth golden fruit, but he could not enjoy the benefit thereof, by reason of a cruel Dragon that continually kept it : for the Conquest of which golden tree, he had many times solemnly proclaimed through that part of the world, that if any Knight durst attempt to conquer it, and by good fortune bring the adventure to an end, he should have in reward his Daughter the fair Anglitora in Marriage : to which many Knights resorted, as well of forraign Countreies, as his own Nation : but none proved so fortunate to accomplish the wished Conquest, but lost their lives in the same adventure : therefore I fully believe, that if all the Knights in the World were assembled together, yet were they all insufficient to overcome this terrible Dragon.

With that the Red-rose Knight with a bold courage stood up, and protested by the love he bore unto his Countreies King, he would perform the enterprize, or lose his life in the attempt : so in this resolution he remained all supper-time, which being ended, the English Knights were brought into divers Chambers : but amongst the rest, the Red-rose Knight and Sir Lancelot were lodged near to the fair Anglitora, for there was nothing betwixt their
Chambers

Tom of Lincoln,

Chambers but a little Gallery, into which being come, and no longer laid in their beds, but the Red-rose Knight began to confer with Sir Lancelot in this manner.

What think you (quoth he) of the enterprize I have taken in hand? Is it not a deed of honour and renown?

Surely (replied Sir Lancelot) in my judgement it is an Enterprize of Death: for every man in this Country adjudgeth you overcome and destroyed, if you once approach but the sight of the Dragon: therefore be advised and go not to this perillous Adventure; for you can obtain nothing thereby but hazard and death: and doubtless they are accounted wise that can shun the misadventures, and keep themselves from danger.

But then (quoth the Red-rose Knight) shall I falsifie my promise; and the promise of a noble mind ought still to be kept: therefore ere I will infringe my Vow I have made, I will be devoured by the terrible Dragon. And in speaking these words they fell asleep.

During which time of their conference, lair Anglitora stood at their Chamber-door, and heard all that had passed betwixt them, and was so surpris'd with the love of this gentle Red-rose Knight, that by no means she could refrain her affections, and returning to her Chamber, casting her self upon her bed, thinking to have slept, but could not, she began to say secretly to her self this sorrowful Lamentation.

Alas mine eyes, what torment is this you have put my heart unto: for I am not the woman that I was wont to be, for my heart is fired with a flame of amorous desires, and so subject to the love of the gallant English Knight, the beauty of the world, and the glory of Christendom. But fond fool that I am; wherefore do I desire the thing which may not be gotten? for I greatly fear that he is already betrothed to a Lady of his own Countrey, and furthermore his mind is gashed with Princely cogitations, that I may not enjoy his love: and he thinketh no more of me, then on her that he never saw. But grant that he did set his affection upon me, yet were it to small purpose, for he resolved to advance his life in the conquest of the golden Tree, where he will soon be devoured by the terrible Dragon. Ah; what a grief and sorrow will it be to my heart, when I shall hear of his untimely death: for he is the choice of all nature, the Prince of Nobility and the flower of Worship; for I have heard him say, that he had rather die honourably in accomplishing his Vow, then to return
with

the Red-Rose Knight.

with reproach into England; which happy Countrey if these eyes of mine might but once behold, then were my soul possessed with terrestrial joys. Anglitora with these words fell asleep, and so passed the night away till the day came: who no sooner shone with his bright beams against the Palace walls, but the Red-rose Knight arose from his bed, and armed himself in great courage, ready for the adventure: where after he had taken leave of the King, and all the rest of his English friends, he departed forth of the City towards the Golden Tree, which stood in a low valley, some two miles from the Kings Palace.

This morning was fair and clear, and not a cloud was seen, the Elements & the Sun cast their resplendent beams upon the earth, at which time the Ladies and Damselfs mounted upon the highest Towers in the Palace, and the common people came up to the battlements and walls of Churches, to behold the adventure of this valiant Knight, who as then went most joyfully on his journey, till he came to the vale of the golden Tree, wherein being no sooner entered, but he beheld a most cruel & terrible Dragon come springing out of his hollow Cave. This Dragon was far more bigger then a Horse; in length full thirty foot, the which incontinently as soon as he was out of his Cave, began to raise his neck, set up his ears, and to stretch himself, opened his throat, and casting forth thereat most monstrous burning flames of fire: Then the Red-rose Knight drew out his good Sword, and went towards him; whereat the Monster opened his terrible throat, whereout sprang three tongues, casting forth flaming fire in such sort, that it had almost burnt him. The first blow that the Knight struck, hit the Dragon betwixt the eyes so furiously that he staggered: but being recovered, and feeling himself most grievously hurt, he discharged from his throat such abundance of thick fuming smoke, that it blinded the Knight in such sort that he saw nothing, but yet notwithstanding he lifted up his sword, and discharged it upon the Dragon, where he imagined his head was; and struck so furious a blow, that he cut off his three tongues close by their roots: by which the Dragon endured such marvellous pain, that he turned his body so suddenly round, that his tail smote the valiant Knight a blow upon his back where by he fell down upon the Sands: being thus overthrowen, he was in mind most marvellously ashamed: but after a while, having recovered himself, he ran to the Dragon again, and with his good sword

Tom of Lincoln,

sword smote such a terrible blow upon his tail, that it cut it off in the middle: the which piece was seven foot in length. The Dragon throughe the great pain that he felt, came and encountred the Knight in such a fashion, that he beat him down to the ground, and after stood over him as though he had been dead, but the Knight took his sword, and underneath him thrust it up to the Hilt, so far that it pierced his heart; which when the Dragon felt as smitten to death, began to run away with the sword in his belly, thinking to have hidden himself in his Cave, but his life departed before he could get thither.

Incontinently, when the Red-rose Knight had rested himself, and saw that the Dragon was dead, he recomforted himself, and went and drew out his sword from his belly, which was all to be stained with his black blood, and after took the Dragons three tongues, and stuck them upon his sword: and likewise pulled a branch from the golden tree, which he bore in his hand: and so in Triumph went towards the City; and being come within the sight thereof, he lifted up the golden branch into the Air as high as he could; that it might glister in the Sun for the people to behold, (which stood upon high Turrets, expecting his coming) who perceiving it, with great admiration began to wonder. Some there were that gathered green Herbs, and Flowers, and strowed the way where as the Knight should pass to go to the Kings Palace, saying, that all honour ought to be given to so noble & glorious a Conquerour.

Fair Anglitora amongst all other, was most joyfull, when she beheld the glistering brightness of the golden branch, and commanded her waiting Maids to put on their richest attires, to solemnize the Honour of that excellent Victory,

And to conclude, he was met at the City gate with the melody of Drums and Trumpets, and so conducted to the Kings Palace, where he was right honourably entertained of Prester John and his Nobles: surely there is no man so eloquent, that can discourse by writing, the great joy that Anglitora took at his return, and generally the whole Inhabitants had thereat exceeding pleasure.

But now when the Valiant Red-rose Knight had entered the Hall, and had set the golden branch upon the Ivory Cupboard, richly furnished with costly Plate, the English Knights, and many other Ladies began to dance most joyfully, and to spend the time in delicious sports, till supper was ready, and then the King and the

the Red-Rose Knight.

the Redrose Knight was set, and with them the Noble and fair Anglitora, Lancelot du lake, and other English Knights: where (a supper while there was no other conuenance holden, but of the banant encounters of the Red-rose Knight: who for his part did nothing but make secret love-signs to fair Anglitora.

What shall I make long circumstances: The supper passed; and the hour came that the general company withdrew them into their Chambers; the Red-rose Knight was conducted to his Lodging by many noble men and others, which brought the golden branch after him, & so bequeathed him for that night to his silent rest. But presently after the Noblemens departure, Anglitora entered into his chamber, bearing in her hand a Silver Basin full of warm perfumed Waters, the which she had provided to wash the Dragons blood from his body: which when the Red-rose Knight perceived, and thinking upon the kind love that she proffered him, put off his cloaths, and made himself ready to wash. Fair Anglitora being attired in a white frock without sleeves, turned up her Smock above her Elbowes, and so with her own hands washed the body of the Red-rose Knight.

But now when this gentle Batchelour beheld her lovely body, her fair and round breasts, the whiteness of her flesh, and that he felt her hands marvellous soft, he was so much inflamed with the ardent desire of love, that in beholding her beauty, he began to embrace her, and kissed her many times most courteously: and so after, when he had been well washed, Anglitora caused him to lie in his bed, beholding his well formed Limbs, of colour fair and quick, and could not turn her eyes from his sight. Thus as they were beholding each other without speaking any word, at last the Noble Knight spake to her in this manner:

Most dear Lady, you know that by this conquest I have deserved to be your husband, & you, through kind love, to be my wife: whereby I may say that you are mine, & I am yours, and of our two bodies there is but one: therefore I require you to seal up the first quittance of our Loves: which request is, that we two for this night might sleep together, and so accomplish the great pleasure that I have so long wished for. Ah, most noble Knight (answered the fair Lady) what in me lieth (that may bring you the least motion of content) shall with all willingness be performed; but yet I conjure you by the promise of true Knighthood that you will save mine honour, lest I be made a scandal to my Fathers glory.

Tom of Lincoln,

There is no man in the world, quoth he, that shall preserve thine honour more then I : what if you sleep this night with me in bed, do you any more then your duty, in that I am your Husband, and best beloved friend.

My dear Love (replied she again) there is no pleasure which I will deny you; but for this night you shall have patience; for I will never yield up the pride of my Virginity, till my Father hath given me in Marriage; and therefore I desire you, that to morrow you will request that favour at his hands : which being granted and performed, then accomplish your content.

When the Red-rose Knight had understood his Ladies mind, he like an honourable Gentleman, was content to obey her request. What shall I say more : but that the Knight drew on to the wonted time of sleep, which caused these two Lovers for that time to break off company. Here slept the Red-rose Knight till the next morning : which at the break of day was presented with a comfort of Music, which the King brought himself into his Chamber. Their melody so highly contented his mind, that he threw them a gold Chain, which was wrapped about his wrist : a gift plainly expressing the bounty that beautified his Princely breast. The musicians being departed, he arose from his rich bed, and went unto the King, whom he found as then walking in a pleasant Garden : of whom he required his daughter Anglitora in Marriage, in recompence of his adventure. The which request so displeased the King, that all his former courtesies were changed into sudden sorrow, and would by no means consent that Anglitora should be his betrothed Spouse, and answered: that first he would lose his Kingdom, before she should be the wife of a wandering Knight.

The noble Red-rose Knight, when he understood the unkind Answer of Prester John (all abashed) went unto Sir Lancelot, and his other friends, and certified them of all things that had happened : who counselled them that the next morning they should depart.

After this conclusion, they went to the King, and thanked him for the high honour he had graced them with; and after that went and visited their Ship, where for that day they passed their time in pleasure : and so when the scouring night approached, the Red-rose Knight went to the fair Anglitora, and certified her of the unkind Answer of her cruel Father: whereat she grew sorrowful, and grieved in mind : but at last better considering with her self, she yielded

the Red-Rose Knight.

ruled her fortune fully at his pleasure, promising that for his love she would forsake both Country, Parents, & Friends, & follow him to what place soever he pleased to conduct her. And it is to be supposed, that this night the fair Anglitora took all the richest Jewels which she had, and trusted them in a Fardle, & so when it was a little before day, she came unto the Red-rose Knight and awaked him: who presently made him ready; and so departed secretly from his chamber, till they came to their ships: where they found all the rest of the English Knights ready to depart: so when they were all aboard, they hoisted sail, and departed from the Port. To whose happy journey we will now leave them for a time, and speak of the discontentments of Prester John, who all that night was exceeding sorrowful for the unkind answer which he had given to the Red-rose Knight, and so melancholly and sorrowful, that he could neither sleep nor take any rest: but at the last he concluded with himself, that he would accompany and go and convey the English Knights at their farewel, and departing unto their Ships; to the end that being in other Countries, they might applaud his courtesies used to Strangers.

So in the morning he arose, and went to the Chamber where the Red-rose Knight was lodged, whom he found departed contrary to his expectation. After that, he went into his Daughters Chamber, where he found nothing but relentless walls, which in vain he might speak unto: whose absence drove him into such a desperate mind, that he suddenly ran to the Sea Coasts, where he found many of his Citizens, that shewed him the Ships wherein the English Knights were, which were at that time from the Port or Haven more then half a Mile. Then the King weeping tenderly, demanded of them if they had seen his Daughter Anglitora: to whom the people answered, that they had seen her upon the ship Hatches, in company of the Red-rose Knight. At which the King bitterly lamented, beating his Breast, and tearing his milk white Hair from his Head, using such violence against himself, that it greatly grieved the beholders.

At that time there were many of his Lords present, who by gentle persuasions withdrew him from the Sea Coasts to his Palace, where he many Days after lamented the disobedient flight of his Daughter.

CHAP. VII.

How Celia the Queen of the Fairy-land was found dead, floating upon the waves of the Sea: with other things that happened to the English Knights.

Many days the winds blew cheerfully in such sort, that the English ships were within kenning of the Fairy-Land, at which Sir Lancelot took an occasion to speak unto the Red Rose Knight, and put him in remembrance how he promised Celia to return into her country; unto which request he answered, and said unto him, that he would keep his promise, if the destinies allowed him life: and thereupon he commanded the Master-Pilot to make thitherwards: but the Wind not being willing, raised such a tempest on the raging Sea, that the Ship was cast a contrary way, & the Mariners by no means possible could approach the Fairy-Land. At which time the Noble Queen Celia stood by the Sea side upon an high Rock, beholding the English ships as they passed by, as her accustomed and usual manner was, every day standing, expecting her dear Lovers return, many times making this bitter Lamentation to her self:

Oh gentle Neptune, thou god of Seas and winds, where is my desired love? Bring him again unto me, that day and night do weep for his company. Thus she complained at the same instant when her Lovers ship sailed by, for surely she did know it by the Banners and Ensignes which were displayed in the wind: but when the poor Lady perceived the ship to turn from her, she was sore abashed and mightily dismayed. Instead of joy, she was forced to weep tears: and instead of singing, was constrained to make sorrowful complaints. In this manner she abode there all that ensuing night, and caused fires, and great Lights to be made on the shore, thinking thereby to call the Red-rose Knight unto her.

This order kept she every day & night for the space of six weeks, wailing the want of him, whom she loved more dear then her own heart: but when the six weeks were past, and the Fairy Queen perceived that she should have no tidings of her Love, she went from the Rock (all in despair) into her Chamber; where being entered, she caused her Son to be brought unto her, whom she kissed many times, for the love she bore unto his father: and after
 beholding

the Red-Rose Knight.

beholding the little Infant, crossing her armes, with a sigh coming from the bottom of her heart, she said: Alas my dear son, alas, thou canst not speak to demand tidings of thy Father, which is the bravest Knight, the most vertuous, and the most valiant in armes that God ever formed. O where is nature (sweet Babe) that should enjoy thee to weep, and my self more then thee, for the loss of so brave a Prince; whose face I never more shall see. O cruel and unkind fortune, my heart hath concluded that I go and cast my self headlong into the Sea, to the intent that if the Noble Knight be there buried, I may lie in the same Sepulchre and Tomb with him: where contrariwise, if he be not dead, that the same Sea that brought him hither alive to me, may carry me dead to him. And to conclude, before I commit this desperate Murder upon my self, with my blood I will write a Letter, which shall be sewed to my Vestments or attire, to this purpose and intent, that if ever my body be presented to the Red-rose Knight, that then this bloody Letter may bear witness that I constantly harboured in my brest true love towards him, to the last hour of my death.

Many Ladies and Damseles were in her company whilst thus she lamented her Knights absence; who hearing of her desperate intended death, made exceeding sorrow. Some there were that so mightily grieved, that they could not speak one word: other some there were that thought to perswade her from that desperate intent; but all in vain: for he presently went from them, and with her own blood writ a Letter, and wrapped it in a Sear-cloth, and then sewed it to the Vestures wherein she was clothed: then taking her Crowne, she bound it from her head with a golden chain which the Red-rose Knight before time had given her. Then when she had done all this, she came to her little Son, and many times kissed him, and so delivered him to the Ladies and Damseles to be nourished; and so after taking leave of them all, she departed towards the Sea, whither being come, she went to the top of the high Rock, where she began to look down upon the Sea, and after casting her self upon the Earth, looking up towards Heaven, she said:

Thou God of my fortunes, Lord of the Winds and Seas, thou that broughtest into this Countrey, the right perfect Knight, in beauty, manhood, and all vertues, grant that when my soul hath made passage out of this world, my body may be intombed in his bosom.

Which

Tom of Lincoln,

Which words being said, she turned her eyes towards her Palace, and spoke with a loud voice : Adieu my dear Babe , adieu ye gliding Towers, my Royal Palace, adieu Ladies and Damsels, and lastly, adieu to all the world. And in saying so she cast her self into the Sea, and there desperately drowned her self.

But yet such was her fortune, that the Waves of the Sea bore her dead body the same day to the English Knights Ship ; where as then lay in road, where then cast anchor for to rest that night : and to be short, it so hapned at the same hour when her dead body was cast against the Ship, the Red-rose Knight went up the Hatch to take the fresh air : where (looking about) he espied the dead Lady richly attired in cloth of gold, that gorgeously shone in the water, the which he presently caused to be taken up, & brought into the ship : where looking wishly upon her, he knew her perfectly well : and after stooping to kiss her pale lips, he found a bloody Letter which she compiled, wrapt in Sear-cloth : so taking it and reading the contents thereof, his blood began to change, and to wax red like the Rose, and presently again as pale as ashes : whereat Sir Lancelot and the other Knights were greatly abashed, but especially Anglitora, who demanded the cause of his grief : whereunto the Red-rose Knight was not able to answer a word, the sorrow of his heart so extended : yet notwithstanding he delivered the bloody Letter to Anglitora, the contents thereof are these that follow :

The bloody Letter of Queen Celia.

Thou bright Star of Europe, thou chosen of England, for prowess and beauty, when wilt thou return to fulfil thy promise made unto her, that many a day hath had her eyes planted upon the Seas after thee, shedding more tears in thy absence then the heaven contains stars : Ah my dear Love, makest thou no reckoning nor account of thy promise that thou madest to me at thy departure : Knowest thou not that every noble mind is bound to keep his word, upon pain of reproach and shame : but thou hast infringed it, and hast broken thy Oath of Knight-hood, which no excuse can recover : for since I last saw thy Ship floating upon the Seas, I never came within my Palace, till the writing hereof, nor ever lay in my bed to take my rest, nor never sat in Judgement on my Countries causes : but for the

the Red-Rose Knight.

the space of forty days I stood upon a Rock, expecting thy return, till Famine constrained me to depart: there have I stood day and night, in rain, and in snow, in the cold of the morning, and in the heat of the Sun, in fasting, in prayers, in desires, in hope: and finally languishing in despair and death: where when I could hear no news of thy return, I desperately cast my self into the Sea, desiring the gods that they would bring me alive or dead to thy presence, to express the true affection that I have ever born to thy noble person: Thus fare thou well. From her that lived and died with unspotted mind.

Thine own true Lover, till we meet in the
Elysian Fields: thy unhappy Celia,
Queen of the Fairy-Land.

THUS when fair Angli-ora had read these bloody lines, she greatly lamented her unhappy death: and withal requested the Red-rose Knight, in that she died for his sake, to bear her body into England, and there most honourably to intombe it: to which he most willingly consented. So caused her body to be embalmed, then hoisted sail, and departed towards England; into which Countrey they within four moneth safely arrived. At whose coming the inhabitants and dwellers greatly rejoiced, but chiefly the Red-rose Knight and his company, who at their first arrival knelt down upon the earth, and gave God thanks for preserving them from so many dangers and perils, to their high renown, and triumphant Victories.

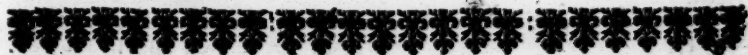
After this they intombed the body of Celia most honourably, as befit a Princess of her calling. This being done, they departed towards Pendragon Castle, standing in VVales, where as then King Arthur kept his Royal Court: where being arrived, they found the King, and many other Nobles in a readiness to give them a Princely welcome: among whom was fair Angellica the Nun of Lincoln, mother to the Red-rose Knight: yet kept in so secret a manner, that neither he, nor she, had any suspicion thereof; but spake one to another as meer strangers: The discovery of whom is discoursed at large in the Second Part of this History: as likewise the strange fortune of Celia's little Son: which the Ladies in the Fairy-Land called by the

Tom of Lincoln,

Name of the Fairy Knight : and by what means he came to
be called the VVorlds Triumph : with many other strange ac-
cidents, &c. But now to conclude this first Part : the Red-Rose
Knight, and the fair Angliora were Solemnly married together,
and lived long time in King Arthurs Court, in great Joy, Tran-
quillity and Peace.



FINIS.



THE

THE
SECOND PART
Of the Famous
HISTORY
OF
TOM OF LINCOLNE,
THE RED-ROSE KNIGHT.

Wherein is declared his unfortunate Death, his Ladies dis-
loyalty, his Childrens Honours, and lastly, his death
most strangely Revenged.

CHAP. I.

How *Tom of Lincolne* knew not his Mother till fourty years of his age,
nor whose Son he was : of King *Arthurs* death, and his speeches,
and what happened thereupon,



Then Arthur that renowned King of England (being
one of the nine Worthies of the World) had by
twelve several set battels, conquered the third part
of the earth, and being wearied with the exploits
of partial adventures, in his old days betook him-
self to a quiet course of life, turning his warlike ha-
bitments to divine Books of celestial Meditations; that as the
one had made him famous in this world so might the other make
him blessed in the world to come; Seven years continued quiet
thoughts in his breast; seven years never heard he the sound of
delightful Drums; nor in seven years beheld he his three worthy
knights of the Round Table, flourishing in his Court: by which
means his Palace grew disurnished of those partial Troops that
drew commendations from all forraigne Kingdoms. In this time
most of those renowned Champions had yielded their lives to the
conquering

Tom of Lincoln,

conquering tyrannye of pale death, and in the bowels of the earth lay sleeping their eternal sleep, the royal King himself laden with the honour of many years; and having now (according to nature) the burthen of death lying heapy upon his shoulders, and the stroaks lired up to divide his body from his soul, he called before him all the chiefeest of his Court: but especially his own Quēn, the Red rose Knight, and his Lady Anglitora, with the faire Angellica, the Nun of Lincoln, whom he had so many yeares secretly loved: and being at the point to bid a woful farewell to the world, with countenance as Majestical as King Priamus of Troy, he spake as followeth.

First, to thee my beloved Quēn, must I utter the secrets of my very soul, and what wanton escapes I have made from my nuptial Bed, otherwile cannot this my labouring life depart from my fading body in quiet: Long have I lived in the delightful sin of adultery, and polluted our Parriage Bed with that vile pleasure: pardon me I beseech thee, and with that forgiveness (which I hope will proceed from thy gentle heart) wash away this onghred evil, the Celestial powers have granted me remission. Then turning to Angellica the Nun of Lincoln, he said,

O thou my poynts delight; thou whose love hath bereaved my Quēn of such Parriage pleasure: thou, and but onely thou, have I offended withal: therefore divine Angellica, forgive me: I like a ravisher spotted thy Virginitie, I crope thy sweet body of chastity: I with flattery won thy heart, and led thee from thy Fathers house (that good Earle of London) to feed my wanton desires: by thee had I a Son, of whom both thou and I take glory of: for in his worthines remains the true image of a Partialist, and this renowned Knight of the Red-rose is he: He lives, the fruit of our wanton pleasures, born at Lincoln, and there by a shepherd brought up; few knowing (till now) his true parents. Marvel not, dear Son: think not amiss, sweet Quēn: nor thou my beloved Angellica. We not dismaped ye honourable States, here attending my dying hour, for as I hope presently to enter into Elizium Paradise, and wear the crown of desertful glory, I have revealed the long secrets of my heart, and truly brought to light those things that the darkness of oblivion had covered. Now the Potter knows her Son, the Son the Potter. Now may this valiant Knight boast of his pedigree, and a quiet content satisfie all your doubts. Thus have I spoke

the Red-Rose Knight.

spoke my mind, and thus quieted, my soul bids the world farewel.
Adieu, faire Queen; adieu, dear Son, farewel lovely Angellica. Lords
and Ladies, adieu unto you all; ye have seen my life, so now behold
my death, as Kings do live, so Kings must die. These were the last
of King Arthurs words: and being dead, his death not half so ama-
zed the standers by, as the strange Speeches of his lifes farewel.

The Queen in a raging jealousie treading at her Marriage
wrongs, protested in her heart to be revenged upon the Ruine of
Lincolne.

The Nun of Lincoln seeing her wantonness discovered, took more
grief thereat then joy in the finding of her long lost son; supposing
now, that the King being gone, she should be made a scandal in the
world.

The Red rose Knight knowing himself to be begot in wanton-
ness, and born a Bastard, took small joy in the knowledge of his
Mother.

Anglitora (Toma Lincolnes Wife) exceeding all the rest in sorrow,
bitterly sobbing to her self, and in heart making great lamentation,
in that she had forsaken Father, Mother, Friends, Acquaintance, and
Countrey, all for the love of a Bastard, bred in the womb of a
shameless Strumpet: therefore she purposed to give him the slip, and
with her own son (a young gallant Knight, named the Black Knight,
in courage like his Father) to trabel towards the Kingdom of
Prester John, where she first breathed life, and her Father reigned.

In this melancholly humour spent they many daies, troubling
their brains with divers imaginations. The Court, which before
ring with delights, and flourishing in gallant sort, now thundered
with complaints; every one disliking his own estate: Discontent as
a proud Commander governed over them, and their attendants
were idle fancies, and disquiet thoughts: and to speak truth, such a
confused Court was seldom seen in the Land; for no sooner was King
Arthurs Funeral solemnized, but the whole troops of Lords, Knights
and Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, were like to a splintered ship
toyne by the tempest of the sea) severed, every one departed whither
his fancy best pleased.

The Red-rose Knight conducted his mother Angellica to a Cloa-
ster in Lincolne, which place she had so often polluted with her
shame, there to spend the remnant of her life in repentance; and
with her true lamentations, to wash away her black spots of sin;
the

Tom of Lincoln,

that so grievously stained her soul: who from a pure virgin made her self a desolate strumpet.

Likewise King Arthurs widowed Quēn, like to iresul Hecuba, or the jealous Juno, kept her Chamber for many days, pondering in her munde what revenge she might take upon Angellica her husbands late labourite.

On the other side Anglitōra Lap; and Wife to the Red-rose Knight, with her Son the Black Knight, made provision for their departure towards the Land of Prestor John, where the was born: so upon a night when neither moon nor star-light appeared, they secretly departed the Court, onely attended on by a Neger or Black-moore; a slave sitting to provide them necessaries, and to carry their Apparel and Jewels after them, whereof they had abundant store: The Black Knight her son, (so called rather by fierce courage, then his black complexion) was all fired with the ardent desire that he had to see his Grand-sire Prestor John: therefore without taking leave of his father (being then absent, in the company of his lewd Grand-mother) with a noble spirit condued his mother to the Seaside, where a ship was ready then to hoist saile, where of the Pilots they were most willingly received for passengers.

And in this manner departed they the Land: the Black Knight wore on his Helmet for a Scutchion, a black Raven feeding on dead mens flesh, his Caparisons were all of velvet imbroidered, which most liely figured forth the black furs lodged in his Princely bosom. Anglitōra his Mother, had the attire of an Amazon, made all of the best Arabian silk coloured like the changeable hen of the Rain-bowe: about her neck hung a Jewel of a wonderful value, which was a Diamond cut in the fashion of a heart split asunder with a Turkish Semiter: betokening a doubt that she had of her Knights loyalty. The slavish Moor that attended them, went all naked, except a shadow of green Cassata which covered his privy parts: upon his foot a Spanish shoe, which is nothing but a shal made of an Asses hide, buckled with small Leathers to his insteps; upon his head he wore a Wether of Eppies gilded with pure gold, and a plate of Brass about his neck close locked with the word Bond-slave ingraven about it. In this manner passed they the Seas and was by these strange habits wondered at in all Countreys where they came: in which Travels we will leave them for a time, and speak of other things pertinent to our story.

the Red-rose Knight.

CHAP. II,

Of *Tom* of *Lincolnes* strange manner of travelling, his woful departure from *England*, and of his sorrowful lamentations for the unkindness of his Lady.

When *Tom* of *Lincolne* (the Red-rose Knight) had spent some two moneths in the company of his Mother at *Lincolne* giving her as much comfort as a Son might, he left her very penitent for her lifes amiss, and returned to the Court, where he left both his Wife and his Son, the Black Knight, thinking at his Arrivall, to find so joyfull a welcome, and so courteous an Entertainment, that all the black Clouds of Discontent might be blown over by this happy meeting: but as ill chance had allotted, all things fell out contrary to all expectation; for he neither found Wife, Child, Servant, nor any one to make him Answer: his Plate and Treasure was diminished, his House-hold Furniture imbevelled, and by Thieves violently carped away, he had not so much as one Steed left in his Stable, for them the Queen had seized on for her use: and furthermore (by her Commandment) a Decree was made, that whosoever in all the Land shewed him any duty, or gave him but homely reverence, should lose their heads; the indebted to brand him with ignominy, for she had entituled him, The base-born seed of lust; a Strumpets brat, and the common shame of the dead King. This was the malice of King Arthurs widow, and surely Queen Juno never thirsted more for the confusion of Hercules, then she did for *Tom* a *Lincolnes* overthrow: But yet this grief (being cast from a Princesss favour, to a vulgar disgrace) was but a pleasure, to the sorrow he took for the miss of his Lady and Son: no news could he hear from them, but that they were fled from the sweep of the angry Queen: which was but a vain imagination laid upon the envious time: but far otherwise did mischief set in her foot, the doting mind of his Lady Anglitora intended to a further reach, which was to abandon his presence for ever, and to think him as ominous to her sight, as the killing Cockatrice. The effect of this his Wifes sudden dislike: she had caused (before her departure) to be carved in stone over the Chimney of his lodging, how that she deserved damnation to leave Father, Friends, and Countrey, for the disloyal love of a Bastard.

Of all grief to him this was the very spring, the root, the
depth,

Tom of Lincoln,

depth, the height: which when he had read, he fel into a swoond, and had it not been for two Pages that attended him, he had never recovered: in this agony the veins of his breast sprung out into blood, and all the parts of his body sweat with grief, down fell he then upon his knees, and immediatly pulled the Ring from his finger which she had given him when they were first betrothed, and washt it with his tears, kissing it a hundred times: all that he ever had from her did he wash in the blood that trickled from his bosom, and after bound them in a Cypress to his left side, directly where his heart lay, protesting by that God that created him, and was the guide of all his passed lotunes, never to take them thence, till either he found his Lady, or ended his life. He likewise made solemn vow to Heaven, never to cut his haire, never to come to bed, never to wear shoes, never to taste food, but onely bread and water, nor ever to take pleasure in humanity till he had eased his grief in the presence of his dearest Anglitora, and that her love were reconciled to him.

Being thus strangely resolved, he discharged his servants and Pages, giving them all the wealth and treasure that he had, and clad himself in tanned sheep-skins, made close unto his body, whereby he seemed rather a naked wild man bred in the wilderness, then a sensible creature brought up by civil conuersation. Thus bare-footed, and bare-legged, with an Ivory Staffe in his hand, he set forward to seek his unkind Wife, and unnatural Son, giving this wofull farewell to his native countrey.

O ye celestial powers (quoth he) wherefore am I punished for my Parents offences; wherefore is their secret sins made my publick misery? what have I misdone, that my wife resists me, and like a discourteous Lady forsakes me, making her absence my present calamity.

O thou gracious Queen of love, I have been as loyal a Servant in thy Pleasures as ever was *Hero* to *Leander*, or *Pyramus* to his *Thisbe*. Wherefore then hath madding fury, like a tyrannous and cruel Commander taken possession of my *Anglitora's* heart, and placed infernal conditions, whereas the pure vertues of modelt behaviour had wont to be harboured: It cannot be otherwile but the furious and enraged Queen with her unquenchable envy hath driven her hence; and not onely of one heart made two, but of two seeks to make none; which is by untimely death, to work both our confusions: the efore proud Queen farewell: let all the furies haunt thee, and may thy Court
seem

the Red rose Knight.

seem loathsome and hateful to thy sight, as for the torments of Hell-fire to a guilty conscience. Ingrateful *England* likewise adieu to thee for all the honours I have brought into thy Bounds, and with spoils of forreign Countreys, made thee the onely Prince of Kingdoms, yet thou repayest me with disgrace, and loadest me with more contempt, then my never conquered heart can endure.

So kissing the ground with his warm tips, that had so long fostered him, and with many a bitter tear and deep sob; like a Pilgrim (as I said before) he took leave of his native Countrey, and took his journey to the sea-side; where he heard of his wife and his sons departure, after whom (as soon as the wind conveniently served) he took shipboard: where we will now likewise leave him to his fortune upon Sea, and speak of the professed malice the Queen prosecuted against *Angellica* the Mother of the Red-rose Knight.

CHAP. III.

Of the woful death of *Angellica* Mother to the Red-rose Knight, and of the death of the jealous Queen and others.

THe beauteous *Angellica* being left by her Son, the Red-rose Knight, (at his departure) in a Monastery at Lincoln, there to bewaile her former offences; and for her youths pleasure, in age to taste the bitter load of sorrow: the day-time she spent in grieved passions, the night she wasted with sighs and heart-breaking sobs; she fed on care: all thoughts, her drink was streames of salt tears; her companions, thoughts of her now passed wanton pleasures; her bed no better then the cold earth; her sleep were very few, but her comforts less; her continual exercise was with a needle to work in silk, upon the hangings in her chamber, which she kept exceeding clean and handsome: how she was first of all wooed, and afterwards won to King Arthurs pleasures, in what manner their meeting were, their amorous and wanton dalliance, his embraces, her smiles, his princely gifts, her courteous acceptance; and lastly the birth of her thrice worthy Son, his bringing up, his honours in the Court, and his strange discovery: all which she had wrought as an artless work, with silk of divers colours, in a piece of the purest Holland cloth. In doing this, twice had the golden Sun run his circumference about the world, twice had the pleasant Spring beautified the earth with her changeable mantles, twice had nipping winter made the fields barren, and the woods leafless, and
twice

Tom of Lincoln,

twice had the pear shewd himself to all mankind : in which time of twice twelve moneths, every day made she a sorrowful complaint for the wrack of honor, and her Virginitie lost : which so willingly she surrendred : and in this so greatly had sorrow and grief changed her, that her eyes (which had wont like rare shining Diamonds to give light to all affections) Were now sunk into their cells, and seemed like a hollow Sepulchre newly opened : her face wherein beauty her self dwelt, and her cheeks the true die of the Lilly and the Rose intermixt, now appeared old and withen like to the countenance of Hecuba, when her Husband King Priamus, and her Princely children were slain at Troy's destruction : and her tresses of haire gold-like, which like to Indian Wyres hung over her shoulders, were now grown more white then thistle down, the ficles of frozen Ice or the white mountain Snow : all their griefs of nature had not age changed, but the inward grief of her careful heart.

But now mark the woful chance that happened, even upon the day, which by computation he had in former times yielded up her warden pride, and lost that Jewel that Kingdoms cannot recover : upon that hapless day, came there a Messenger from the Queen to bid her make preparation for death ; for on that day should be her lives end, and her fortunes period : which she most willingly accepted of, and took more joy thereat, then to be invited to a Princely Banquet.

Be not dismayd, (said the Messenger) for you shall have as honourable a death as ever had Lady ; seven several Instruments of death shall be presented to you for a choise, and your own tongue shall give sentence which of them you will die by : whereupon this Messenger set this sorrowful Lady at a round Table, directly in the middle of a very large roome, whereunto he had led her, hung all about with black : where being placed as to a Banquet, or some solemn dinner of state, there entred some Servitors in disguised shapes like unto Purveyors, with seven several deadly services in Dishes of silver plate : The first brought in fire burning in a dish, if she would so consume her body to ashes : The second brought in a dish of twisted cord, to strangle her to death : The third, a dish full of deadly popson, to burst her body withall : The fourth, a sharp edged razor or knife, to cut her throat. The fifth, an iron Rack, to tear her body into peeces : The sixth, a dish full of snakes, to sting her to death : And the seventh, an impoisoned garment, being worn that will con-

the Red-Rose Knight.

sume both flesh and blood. These seven deathful Serbitors having set down their dishes (the least whereof brings present death) she was commanded by the Messenger, which of them she would chuse to die withal, and to make speedy choice; for he was sworn to the Queen (on whom he attended) to see it that day accomplished. At these his words, she fell presently upon her knees, and with a courage readier to yield to Deaths iurp, then to the mercy of the li-ving Queen said as followeth :

Oh thou guider of this earthly Globe, thou that gavest my weak nature ower to a wanton life, and from a Virgin chaste, hast made me an infamous Trumpet: thou that sufferedst onely a King in Daj: thy to prebail against me, and with the power of greatness won me to lewdness, for which I am now doomed to a present death, and forced by violence to bid this tempting world adieu, Inspire me with that happy choice of death, as that my soul may have an easie passage from my body. First, to die by Fire, to an earthly imagination seems terrible, and far different from nature. Secondly, to die with a strangling cord, were base, and more fit for robbers, theeves, and malefactors. Thirdly, to die by deadly peyson, were a death for beasts and worms that feed upon the bosom of the earth. Fourthly, to die by cutting knives, and slicing razors, were a death for cattel, fowles, and fishes that die for the use of man. Fifthly, by an iron Hack to end my life, were a barbarous death, and against mans nature. But seventhly, to die a lingering death, which is a life consuming by wearing of imposed garments (where repentance may still be in company) will I chuse : therefore sweet messenger of death, do thy office, attire me in these Robes; and the manner of my death I beseech thee make known unto the Queen; Tell her (I pray the) I forgive her, and may my death be a quiet unto her soul, for my life is to her ears as the fatal sound of Night-ravens, or the Maremaids Tunes.

Uain world now must I leave thy flattering inticements, and instead of thy pomp and gloze, must shortly tread the doleful march of pale death, I, and this body that hath been so pleasing to a Princes eye must be surrendered up for worms to feed upon.

Many other words would she have spoken, but that the commanding Messenger (being tied to an houre) caused her to put on the imposed Robes, which no sooner came to the warmth of her body, but the good Lady after a few bitter sighs, and dreadful gasps yielded up the Ghost, being (through the extremity of the infectious Garment, made like to an Anatomy, which they wrapped in Sear-cloth, and the next day gave her burial according to her estate, and

Tom of Lincoln,

so returned to the enraged Queen, keeping then her Court at Pendragon Castle in VVales, into whose presence the Messenger was no sooner come, but the angry Queen beyond all measure being desirous to hear of Angellicas Death, in a rage ran and clasped him about the middle, saying.

Speak, Messenger, speak. Is the vile Trumpet dead: Is the shame of woman-kind tortured: Is my hearts grief by her death banished from my bosome: Speak, for I am over-mastered with doubts.

Most gracious Queen (quoth the messenger) rest be your self of her death, for the cold Earth hath inclosed up her body, but so patiently took she her death, that well might it have moved a Tyger heart to remorse, for in troth my heart relented at the manner of her death. Never went Lamb more gently to slaughter, nor ever Turtle-Dove more meek then this woful Lady was at the message of her death: for the Elements did seem to mourn, closing their bright beauties up in black and sable Curtains, and the very stony walls (as it were) sweat of the Agony of her death, so gently, meekly, and humbly took she her death, commending her self unto your Majesty, wishing that her death might be your soules contentment.

And could she be so patient, (quoth the queen) that she even in death would wish happiness to the causers thereof: farewell thou miracle of woman-kind: I have been to thee a savage Lions: I was blinded at the report of thy wantonness, else hadst thou been now alive, all my cruelty against thee I now deeply repent, and for thy dear hearts blood by me so rashly spilt, it shall be satisfied with the lives of many souls.

Hereupon, she in a fury commanded the Messengers head to be stricken off, and the seven Serbitors to be hanged all at the Court-gate, and afterward caused their limbs to be set upon high Poles by the common high-way-side, as an example of her indignation.

Never after this hour (such is the remorse of a guilty Conscience) could she sleep in quiet, but strange Visions of this Lady (as she thought) seemed to appear unto her: the least noise that she heard whispering in the Silence of the Night, did she imagine to be some Fury to drag her to Hell, for the death of this good Lady: the Winds (as she imagined) murmured forth Revenge, the running Rivers hummed forth Revenge: the flying Fowles of the Ayre whistled out Revenge: yea, every thing that made noise (in her conceit) gave remorse for Revenge: and till that her own life had given satisfaction by death for the ruine of so sweet a Ladies life, no food could do her good, no sleep quiet her brain, no pleasure content her mind, but

Despair

the Red-rose Knight.

Despair with a terrible countenance, did ever more attend her, willing her sometime to throw her self headlong from the top of a Tower, sometime by poison to end her daies, sometime by drowning, sometime by hanging, sometime by one thing, sometime by another: but at last in the middle of the night, having her heart deeply overmastered by despair, she took a Circle of pure Arabian Silke, which Circle she first wore on her Princely Nuptial day when King Arthur married her: this fatal Circle she made a sliding knot of, and there-withal upon her Bed-post she hanged her self: Thus bleed (you see) being guiltless shed, is quitted again with blood.

The Queen being dead, was not so much pittied of the people as the good Lady Angellica, little lamentation was made for her death: for every one expected the like untimely end: but according to the allegiance of Subjects, her Noblemen gave her a Princely funeral, and set over her an Iron Tomb in signification that she had an Iron heart, and flinty conditions.

Here will we leave the dead to their quiet rests, and return to the Black Knight and his Mother Anglitora with the Indian slave that attends them: for strange be the accidents that happen'd to them in foreign Countreys: and alter we wil speak what happened to the Red-rose Knight upon the sea.

CHAP. V.

By what means *Anglitora* became a Curtizan, and how her Son the *Black Knight* lost himself in a Wilderness.

The Black Knight, his Mother Anglitora, and the Black-amoor slave, having happily cross the Seas, and arrived in a Country very fertile to see to, being replenished with all kind of Trees and Fruit, yet were there no Inhabitants to find, but onely an old Castle built of Flint-stone, the Turrets whereof were made like the Grecian Pyramides square and very high: At this Castle-gate they knocked so boldly (each one careless of all accidents that might happen) as it rung into the Chamber where the Knight of the Castle lay: who immediately sent a very low statured dwarf to see who knocked, and if they were strangers to direct them up into his Chamber, to take such kind courtesies as the Castle afforded, for indeed he was a Knight of a bountiful condition and full of liberality.

The dwarf no sooner coming to the Gate, and espying people in such strange disguised attires, never having seen the like before:

Tom of Lincoln,

without speaking one word ran amazedly up to his Master, certifying him that a kind of people of an unknown Nation were arrived, and that they seemed rather Angels (in shape) then any earthly creatures.

The Knight of the Castle hearing this, came down and met them in a large square Court, paved with Marble stone, where he kindly gave them entertainment: promising them both lodging and other needful things they were destitute of.

The three travellers accepted of his courtesies, and being long before weather, beaten on the Seas, thought themselves from a deep dungeon of calumny, lifted to the top of all pleasures and prosperity; thus from the paved Court, the Knight led them up to his own Chamber, wherein was a fire made of Juniper-wood, & Frankincense, which smelled very sweet; the walls were hung about with rich Tapestry, whereon was writ the story of Troys destruction, the creation of Mankind, and the fearful description of the latter day of doom: likewise hung upon the same Wall, Instruments of all sorts of Musick, with such variety of other pleasures, as they had never seen the like.

Now while these weary Travellers took pleasure in beholding these pleasant things, the good Knight caused his Dwarf (which was all the Servants that he kept) to cover the Table, made of Cypress-wood, with a fine Damask Table-cloth, and thereon set such delicacies as his Castle afforded; which was a piece of a wild Boar, roasted the same morning, with divers other services of Fowles, whereof the Countrey had plenty. Their bread was made of Almonds mixed with Goats-milk; (for no Corn grew in this soil) Their drink of the Wild-Grape, likewise mingled with Goats-milk, which is in my mind accounted restorative: to this Banquet were the travellers placed, where having good stomachs they quickly satisfied their hunger, and afterwards began to chat of their adventures, what dangers they endured at Sea, and how luckily they arrived in that countrey, giving the courteous Knight great thanks for his kindness.

On the other side, when the banquet was ended, every one rising from the Table, he took an Ophirian that hung by and caused his Dwarf to dance a measure after the sound thereof; the strings whereof he himself strained with such curiosity, that it moved much delight, especially to the Lady Anglica, whose eyes and ears were
as

the Red-Rose Knight.

as attentive to the Melody, as Helena's were to the enchanting Musick of the Grecian Paris. In this kind of pleasure continued the most part of the day, till the bright Sun began greatly to decline : then the Black Knight in a couragious spirit, said :

Sir Knight (for so you seem to be by your entertainment of Strangers) this Carpet-kind of pleasure I like not, it disagrees with my young desires : the hunting of untamed Tygers, the Tilts and Turniaments of Knights, and the Battels of renowned warriors, is the glory I delight in : & now considering no other adventurous exercise may be found in this Countrey, but only the hunting of wild beasts, I will into the Forrest, and by manhood fetch some wild venison for my mothers supper.

The Knight of the Castle (seeing his resolution) furnished him with a hunting Jabelin, and so directed him to the Forrest, where most plenty of such pleasures were : God be his good speed, for we will leave the Black Knight in his exercise, and speak of the wanton affections of Anglitora and the Knight of the Castle that then cast upon each other : a short tale to make, whereas two hearts make one thought, the bargain is soon made : the Knight of the Castle having not had the presence nor society of a woman in seven years before, grew as wantonly minded as the Roman Tarquinius, when he ravished the chaste Lady Lucretia.

On the other side, Anglitora having the venom of disloyalty, grew so pliable to his desires, that at his pleasure he obtained that love which in former times the Red-rose Knight adventured his life for : she that in former times was accounted the worlds admiration for constancy, was now the very wonder of shame, and the by-word of modest Patrons : this was the first days entrance into their wanton pleasures, which in all dalliance they spent untill the Sun had lost the sight of the Earth : then expecting the return of the Black Knight from hunting, they sat as demurely as if they had been the chastest lovers of the world : not a glance of wantonnesse passed betwixt them, but all modest and civil behaviours : in this sort staid they attending for the return of the Black Knight, but all in vain : for having a wild Panther in chase, he followed so far in the unknown Forrest, that he lost himself : all that night travelling to find the way forth, but could not : sleep was to him as meat to a sick man, his steps were numberless, like the stars of heaven, or the sands of the Sea : his devices for recovery little prebailed, the further he went, the further he was from

from returning: thus day and night (for many days and nights) spent he in these comfortless travels; no hope cheered his heart, no comfort bore him company, but his patient mind: and now at last, when he saw all means frustrated, he resolved to live and dye in that solitary Forrest: his food he made of the fruits of Trees, his drink of the clear running water, his Bed was no better then a heap of Sun-burn'd Moss, his Canopies the azure Elements full of twinkling lights, his Curtains a row of thick-branched Trees; the torches to light him to his Bed, the Stars of Heaven; the Peal of Musick to bring him asleep, the croaks of ravens, or the fearful cries of night-owles: the clock to tell the hours of the night, were hissing Snakes and Toads croaking in foggy grass: his morning-rook the cheerful Nightingale, or the chirping Lark: his companions on the day were howling wolves, ravening Lions, and the wrathful Boars: all (as the Fates had decreed) as gentle to him as fellowship, as people of a civil government: for to say troth, time and necessity had converted him to a man of wild conditions: for his hair was grown long and raggy, like unto a Scythian; his flesh tanned in the Sun as an Indian; the nails of his fingers were as the talons of Eagles; wherewith he could easily climb the highest Trees: garments he had not any, for they were worn out; and as willingly was he content with nakedness, as in former times he was with rich habiliments.

Thus lived he for seven years in this desolate Forrest, by which time he was almost grown out of the labour of a man: where for a time we will leave him, and proceed to other accidents: also we will observe the lewd lives of Anglikora and the Knight of the Castle, no; speak as yet any more of their seven years adultery: for numberless were the sins committed by them in those seven years in that accursed Castle.

CHAP. V.

How the Red-rose Knight found his Lady, and how he was most strangely murdered, and buried in a dung-hill.

The Blackamoore slave (as you have heard) attended upon them like an obedient Servant, and showed all duty and love, till Anglikora gave her body to the spoils of lust; from a virtuous Lady converted her self to a hated Scrumper: which vile course of life when the Indian perceived, he secretly departed the castle, great-
ly

the Red-Rose Knight.

In lamenting the wrongs of his Master the Red-rose Knight, whose
 noble mind deserved better at her hands; day and night travelled the
 poor slave toward England, thinking to find his Master there, and to
 reveal that which he thought hardly would be believed by him: wear-
 ry and oppressed with hunger went he this long journey: many Pro-
 vinces he passed thorow, before he could learn the way towards
 England; and then was he so far from it as at the first, when he de-
 parted from the Castle. The labouring Husbandman grieved not
 more to see his Cows and Cattel taken by Thieves, nor the Mer-
 chant to hear of his Ships sunk at Sea, then did this Indian at his
 painfull travells and wearisome Journeys to such purpose: so at last set-
 ting forward again, he came to the Sea-side, thinking to hear of
 some Ship to give him passage over; but alas, one cross falls after
 another; one mischief comes upon the neck of another: one mischief
 seldom happens alone: so as this true-hearted Neger stood beholding
 how the billows of the Sea beat against her banks, and the whale-
 fishes lay wallowing in the Waves: behold, such a tempest suddenly
 arose, that by the force thereof the poor slave was cast into the Sea;
 but by reason of his Silken baile tyed about his middle, & his great
 skill in swimming (as most Negeres be perfect therein) kept himself
 from drowning: & as good fortune would, the same tempest dyed the
 weather-beaten ship to the same Shore wherein the Red-rose Knight
 (his Master) was, which ship had been seven years upon the Sea in
 great extremity, and before this tyme could never see land.

By that time the Tempest ended, the Ship floated to land, where-
 in was left but only the Red-rose Knight in his Pilgrims weed (for
 all the rest were starved for want of food) who being weak and fee-
 ble, climbed up to the top of the Hatches, where when he had per-
 ceived the Neger labouring for life upon the waters, cast out a long
 cord, and so saved him: whom when the Red-rose Knight saw, and
 perfectly knew, he fell almost into a trance for joy, supposing his La-
 dy and Son not to be far distant: but recovering his former senses,
 he spake as followeth:

Oh blessed Neptune, hast thou vouchsafed to deliver me from the
 depth of thy bovels, and cast me on land, where once again I may
 behold my faire Angliora, and my dear son, the Black Knight? These se-
 ven years famine induced on the sea, hath been a sweet pleasure to me,
 in that the end brings me to my desires. Full threescore of my misera-
 ble companions in this Ship hath death seized upon, and through fa-
 mine

mine have eaten on: other, making their hungry bowels graves for the other carcasses: and though now this bell of mine (like the Cannibals) hath been glutted with humane flesh, and this mouth of mine tasted the blood of man: yet am I as pittifull as the tender-hearted Mother, forgetting her sons offences: and to my Anglorora will be as kind, as if neither she had trespassed, nor like the Grecian Helena left her married Lord. So taking the Blackamoor by the hand, he demanded of her welfare, and in what estate his Son remained: The true-hearted Neger could hardly speak for grief, or utter one word for tears: yet at the last with a woeful sigh he uttered forth these heart-killing and woeful speeches:

Oh my noble Master (quoth he) by you from a Pagan I was made a Christian: by you from a Heathen Nation without civility, I was brought to a Land of Princely government: and by you, till my departure, was I maintained in good manner: therefore if I should prove a perjured slave, and a false varlet towards you, my body were worthy to be made food for the hungry Fowls of the Ayre, and for the ravening Beasts of the fields: therefore now considering that duty binds me to it, I will reveal such woeful chances, and such disloyal tricks shewed by your Lady, as will make your heart tremble, your Sinews shake, and your hair to stand upright.

Anglorora your Lady and Wife hath dishonoured your bed, and polluted that sacred Chamber of secrecy, which none ought to know, but only you two: that marriage-vow she made in Gods Holy Temple, hath she infringed, and untied the knot of Nuptial promise: in a countrey far hence hath she wrought this hateful crime, in a Countrey unpeopled like she in a Castle which is kept by a Knight of a wanton demeanour: there live they two in adultery, there live they secretly sleeping in wantonness, and there for seven years hath she made herself the child of shame. All this with extream grief do I unfold, and with a heart almost kild with sorrow do I breath out the duty of a Servant. If I have offended, let my death make amends, for what I speak is truly delivered from a heart unfeigned.

All the time of this sorrowful discourse, stood the Red-rose Knight in a bitter agony, like one netely dropt from the clouds, not knowing how to take these discourtesies: one while purposing to be revengeed, and with his nails to tear out the Drumplets eyes, another while bewailing her weak nature, that so easily was won to lewdness: but at last taking to him (the vertue) Patience, he resolved to travel to the Castle, and with his meek perswasions seek to win her from her wickedness, and to forget, forgive, and cast out of remembrance all these her un-woman-like demeanours, observing the

the Red-rose Knight

the Proverb, That fair means sooner wins a *Man*, then soul.

Thus in companie of his true servant the Neger he took his journey toward the Castle; where (after four months travel) they arrived; the Red-rose Knight, by the directions of the Neger knocked, & in his Pilgrims habit desired meat and lodging for himself and his guide.

The first he opened the gate, was his own Lady, who immediately upon sight of them blushed, as though some sudden fear had affrighted her, yet dissemblingly (colouring her knowledge of them) she in a charitable manner gave them entertainment, & conducted them to a chamber at the back-side of the Castle: into which place she sent them (by her Dwarf) victuals from her own Table, with command, that the next morning they should abroad, and never more trouble this place.

This message sent by the Dwarf much disquieted the Red-rose Knight, and drove such amaze into his mind, that he grew ignorant what to do: And seeing his appointed time very short to remain there, he now thought fit to strike whilst the Iron was hot, and to discover what he was: so taking the Scarfe of Jewels & Rings tied to his left side against his heart (which he knew perfectly well to be the gifts of her Love) and by the Dwarf sent them her: The which she no sooner beheld, but she openly said to the Knight of the Castle that their secret affections were discovered, and her Husband in habit of a Pilgrim made abode in her house, conducted thither by the Moore to bring their shame to light, to carry her thence to England, there to be punished for her Sins. Hereupon the Knight and she purposed the same night to rid themselves of that fear, and by some violent death send the Pilgrim to his last abiding Disquietness attended on all sides for that day, and every hour seemed ten, till night approached, which at last came, though long looked for. Then Anglitora in companie of the Knight of the Castle like two Murderers, rose from their beds, even at that hour of the night when mischiefs are acted, when no noise was heard but the barking of Wolves, the howling of Dogs, and the croaking of Night-owles, all assistants to black actions: In this manner came they into the Lodging of the Pilgrim, who for weariness of his Journey most soundly slept, little dreaming that such cruelty could be lodged in the bosom of his wedded wife: one, whose love he had first gained with great danger, and always esteemed as dear as his own heart-blood: All signs of duty had she obscured, nor any remembrance had she of Woman-hood: Marriage-love was forgotten, their passed joys were as things that had

Tom of Lincoln,

had never been: not a thought of remorse remained within her; but she more cruel the more she delibered. Bear, or the Tiger starved for meat, by the help of the Knight of the Castle, took the Start of Jewels (sent her from him the same evening) and by violence thrust them down the Pilgrims throat, by which means he bereaved him of life, and without any solemnity due to so brave a man, they buried him in a Dung-hill without the Gate, nor shedding so much as one tear for his death: so great was the envy of this his spiteful Lady. The poor Neger they set up to the middle in the ground so surely fastened, that by any means he could not stir from thence, where we will leave him wishing for death, the Red-rose Knight, or rather the unhappy Pilgrim in his un-christian-like Grave, and the Knight of the Castle with the murdering Angitoa, to their surfeiting Banquets of sin, and return to the Black Knight, which had lost himself in the woods.

CHAP. V I.

How the *Black Knight* being left in a wilderness became a wild man, how his Fathers Ghost appeared unto him, and in what manner he slew his own Mother.

By this time the Black Knight grew so natural a wild man, as though he had been bred in the wilderness: for day by day he sported with Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Elephants, Anticozes, & such like kind of beasts; playing as familiarly with them, as in King Arthurs Court he had with gallant gentlemen. But mark how it happened, one day above another, he chanced to walk down into a valley, where he sat himself down by a Rivers-side, and in humane complaints bewailed his own estate, how being born and bred of a Princely Race, descended royally, he should thus consume his days in Savage sort amongst wild beasts, and by no means could recover his liberty, or free himself from that solitary wilderness. Being in this distress of mind, sudden fear assailed him, his heart shivered, his hair stood upright, the Elements seemed to look dim, a terrible tempest tore up huge trees, the wild beasts roared and gathered on a heap together, birds fell like leeks from the air, the ground as it were troubled, and a sudden alteration troubled each thing about him: in this amaze late he a good time, marvelling what should ensue: at last there appeared (as he imagined) the Ghost of his Father newly murdered, with a countenance pale and wan, with hollow eyes

the Red-Rose 11

eyes (or none at all) gliding up and down before him: tacking such fearful frowns, as might make the stiffest heart in the world to tremble: and at last, setting himself before the Black Knight, spake as followeth:

Fear not my Son I am the Ghost of thy murdered Father, returned from Plutoes hollow Region. I came from that burning Kingdom where continually flames an everlasting Furnace. From the fearful Pit come I to thee for revenge. Oh thou my Son, if ever gentle nature were pliant in thy bosom, if ever thou took'st pleasure to hear thy fathers honours spoken of, if ever thou desir'st to have thy life meritorious in this world, take to thee thy never failing courage, and revenge my death upon thy adulterous Mother: thy Mother now living in the silent isle of Thine, making the Castle where she now remains in, a lustful stew. There was I murdered, and there buried in a stinking Dug-hill, no man gave me funeral tears, nor any sorrowed for my death. I that have dared death in the face, and purchased honour in many Kingdoms was slain by my own wife, by my dearest friend, by my second self, by Anglorora, by her whom the whole world admired for vertue. Rise (dear Son) rise and haste thee to that Castle polluted with the shame of thy wicked Mother. Rise I say, and let the pavements of that Castle be sprinkled with thy detested blood, the blood of that Monster that hath not only despoiled my marriage-bed of honoured Dignities, but like a Tyrant to her own flesh hath murdered me. See how the angry heavens (as it were) do threaten my revenge. Hark how Hell-furies do howl and roar for revenge. My bleeding soul (Oh my Son) wanders in unquiet paths, till thou work'st revenge: my death and murder cries (as did the blood of Abel) for revenge: then fear not (Son) to act it, for duty, love, and nature binds thee to it. By heaven, and by that great immortal throne of happiness, by the low Kingdom of eternal pains, by the huge watery Seas I pass to follow her, by the earth and the souls of all the mortal men that ever died, I command, charge, and constrain thee to persevere in this revenge. Hence to that foul defamed Castle, defamed by adultery, defamed by murder: there to my soul do thy latest duty: there wound thy cursed mothers breast, there sacrifice her lifes blood, there appease thy Fathers Ghost incensed with fury: So shall my soul in joy enter into the fields of fair Elizium: but if thou prove coward-like, and through fear deny to execute my glorious revenge, from henceforth shall my pale, wan, lean, and withered Ghost with gaskly looks, and fearful steps, pursue and follow thee.

These were the words of his Fathers Ghost: and having spoken these words, with a grievous groan, he vanished. At this his sudden departure the Black Knight cried with a loud & fearful voice

My noble Father, stay Oh stay thy hasty steps, once more let me hear thee speak. Althither rest thou: Oh let me hear thy voice again; It will not be, he is banished, and my Mother lives as a shame to all our generation. Oh thou stain of woman-hood, Oh thou bloody Lionsess, Oh brutish ad, Oh beastly desires, where shall I now find a place to shed tears in: for my heart is rent into ten thousand pieces, and the terror of this deed is too intolerable. Rest then in peace, sweet Father, thou in thy life wert both wise and valiant, thy vertus, wisdom, and manhood made thy very enemies to love thee. Oh thou, what fortune hadst thou, to die by the unfriendly trust of thy own wife, my disloyal Mother, thy nearest friend, proved thy greatest enemy, and by a womans malice, that heart was killed, that millions of foes could never daunt. Oh sweet red-rose Knight, most happy hadst thou been to have died in fields of bloody war, & sealed thy lifes quittance amongst renowned Souldiers, then had thy death been more honourable, my wicked mother had not murdered thee, nor I bin enforced to take such bloody vengeance, as I intend, dear Father, for thy sake. For let me never breath one day longer, nor view the mornings rising Sun, let me ever live imprisoned in this wilderness, let nothing prosper that ever I take in hand, and here let the world end, if I cease to prosecute a mortal revenge, as the soul of my father hath commanded.

Whereupon he set forward toward the Castle, conducted by what chance the heavens had allotted him: not one step he knew aright, nor what course to take to find the direct way: but it happened that an ignis fatuus (as he thought) or a going fire, led him the right way out of the Forrest, directly to the Castle, where his dishonest Mother made her aboad. But coming nêr unto the Gates, he found all close, and nêr unto the Castle the Blackamore set half way quick into the earth, having for want of food eaten most part of the flesh from his armes: whom the Black Knight soon digged up, and kept alive, to be a furtherance to his intended revenge.

The poor Indian being thus happily preserved from death revealed all that had happened in the Castle, how his Mother lived in adultery, how his father was murdered, why himself was set quick in the Earth, and lastly, for the love of his dead Father, he protested to conduct him through a secret Vault into the Castle, that in the dead of the night they might the easier accomplish their desired revenge: Thus lingering about the Castle till the middle of the night, a time (as they imagined) to be the fittest for their tragical business: at last the midnight-hour came, and through a secret Cell then cut underneath the Castle, into the Lodging where his Father was

the Red-rose Knight.

was murdered. This is the place (quoth the Neger) where my sad eyes beheld thy Father both alive and dead: so going from thence into the Chamber, which by chance, and (as ill luck appointed) was through negligence left open, he shewed him the Bed where these Adulterers lay secretly sleeping in each others Arms. Oh doleful sight! (quoth the Black Knight) this lust hath made me fatherless, and ere long this weapon shall make me Motherlesse: so kneeling down upon his knees, in a whispering manner he said unto himself:

Ye lowring destinies, how weave you the web of their two lives who lived too long? Ye infernal furies, draw neer, assist me thou revengeful God Meimestis; for on this sword sits now such a glorious revenge, as being taken the world will then applaud me for a loving Son. Having spoken these words, he sheathed his sword up to the hilt in the bosom of the Knight of the Castle, who lying in the armes of Anglitora, gave so deadly a groan, that she immediately awaked, first looking to the Knight that was slain in her armes, then perceiving her Son standing with his weapon drawn, yet reeking in the blood of the dead Knight, menacing likewise her death, with a woful shriek she breathed out these words:

What hast thou done, my cruel son? thou hast slain the miracle of humanity, and one whom I have chosen to be my hearts Paramour, and thy second Father.

Oh Lady (quoth the black Knight) for Mother is too proud a title for thee: What fury driveth thee to lament the deserved death of that cold blood-shedder, and not rather chafe with heart-renting sighs to bewail the death of my father, thy renowned husband, whose guiltless body, even dead, thou didst despise, by burying him inhumanely upon a Dung-hill: but heaven hath granted, and earth hath agreed, detesting both thy misdeeds, and hath sent me to sacrifice thy blood unto the soul of my murdered father.

Whilst he was speaking these words, Anglitora arose from her bed, and in her smock, which was of pure Cambrick, she kneeled to her Son, upon her bare knees, saying:

Oh thou my dear Son, whom once I nourished in my painful Womb, and fed thee with mine own blood, whom oft I choicely dandled in my armes, when with lullabies and sweet kisses I rocked thee asleep: Oh far be it from thee (my loving Son) to harm that breast, from whom thou first receivest life: Of thee (my Son) thy mother beggeth life. Oh spare the life, that once gave thee life, with bleeding tears I do confess my wanton offences. I do confess through me thy Father died: Then, if confession of faults may merit mercy, pardon my life.

Obscure

Act. of Lincoln,

Obscure not thy remembrance with cruelty, making thy self unkind and monstrous in murthering thy mother. I charge thee by the only duty that thou owest me: by all the bonds of love betwixt a Mother and a Son: by all the kindnesses shewed to thee in thy infancy, let thy Mother live, that begs life upon her bare knees: Do not thou glory in my miseries, let not my tears wet on thy cruelty, let not thy mind be bent to death and murder: be not a savage Monster, be not unnatural, rude, and brutish: let my intreaties prevail to save my life; wound not the womb that fostered thee, which now I term wicked, by onely fostering thee; what child can glut his eyes with gazing on his Parents wounds, and will not faint in beholding them?

Whereupon the Black Knight not able to endure to suffer his Mother further intreating lest pity and remorse might mollifie his heart, and so grant her life (which to heaven to take away he had deeply sworn) he cut her off with these deadly words:

Lady, I am not made of Flint nor Adamant; in kind regard of calamity, I am almost struck with remorse: but duty must quite undo all duty: kind must work against kind, all the powers of my body be at mortal strife, and seek to confound each other. Love turnes to hatred, nature turns to wrath, and duty to revenge: for methinks my Fathers blood with a groaning voice, cries to heaven for revenge. Therefore to appease my Fathers angry spirit, here shalt thou yield up thy dearest blood. Here was he ready to strike, and with the sword to finish up the tragedy: but that his grieved soul in kind nature plucked back his hand: whereupon with a great sigh he said:

O heavens, how am I grieved in mind: father, for I live me, I cannot kill my Mother. And now again, methinks I see the pale shadow of my Fathers Ghost gliding before mine eyes: methinks he shews me the manner of his murther, methinks his angry looks threaten me & tell me, how that my heart is possessed with cowardise, and childish fear. Thou dost prevail, O Father. even now receive this sacrifice of blood and death, this pleasing sacrifice which to appease thy troubled soul, I here do offer. And in speaking these words, with his sword he split the dear heart of his mother; from whence the blood as from a gushing spring issued. Which when he beheld, such a sudden conceit of grief entered his mind, considering that he had slain his own mother, whom in duty he ought to honour above all living women. that he rather fell into a frenzy then a melancholy; and so with a pale countenance and ghastly looks, with eyes sparkling like a burning furnace, began to talk idly.

What have I done. What hath my bloody hand murthered? How wo unto my soul, for I am worse then the viperous brood, that eat out their

the Red rose Knight.

their Dams womb, to get life unto themselves: they do but according to nature, & against all nature: for I have digged up the bosome that first gave me life. Oh wicked wretch, where shall I now hide my head: for I have staind my self in killing her, I have stained this Chamber here with humane blood. The heavens abhor me for this deed, the world condemnes me for this murder, and Hell-furies will follow me with shame and terrour. The Gods are grieved, Pen (methinks) rise from my company: dead Ghosts arise in my distresses, I see my mother comes with a breast bleeding, threatening confusion to my fortunes. Oh thou ugly spirit, cease to follow me, torment me not alive, for the wrath of heaven is fallen upon my head. Despair, where art thou: I must find thee out, I will go seek thee through the world, and if in the world I find thee not, I'll saddle winged Pegasus, and scale the mansion-place of love, I will ransack all the corners of the sky, I will throw down the sun, the moon, and stars. When leaving heaven, I will go seek for despair in the loathsome pool of Hell, there in Plutoes court will I bind black Cerberus up in chains, the tripple-headed Hell-hound, & porter of Hell gates, because he let despair pass from thence. In this irantick sort ran he up & down the chamber, & at last with the nails of his fingers, he fell to grave upon the stone walls, the picture of his mother, imitating Pigmalion, hoping to have life breathed into the same. Meane while the poor Indian with fleshlesse armes heaved up towards heaven, & on his bare knees, made his supplication to the gods, for the Black Knights recovery of his wits.

Oh you angry heavens (qd. he) reboke your heady dooms, forget this crime, forgive this unnatural murder, pittie the state of this distressed Knight, & send some means to recover his senses. Thou bright Lamp of heaven, thou eternal light, although in justice we have deserved thy wrath, yet let my prayers, my never ceasing prayers, my heart-renting sighs, my deep inforced tears, work some remoyse from thy incensed ire, & either this Knight may recover his lost senses, or let him live from death. Thus in a zealous manner prayed the poor Neger, desiring God to lay the Knights faults upon his head, & reclaim his unbridled rage: which prayer was soon regarded by heaven, for the Black Knight had immediately his madnesse turned into a sad melancholly, and in a more gentle manner made his sad lamentations, as you shall hear in the next Chapter.

But now the Neger that all the time of Anglitora's murder stood in a trance, began now a little (considering the fright he took at the Black Knights madnesse (to summon again together his natural senses, & perceiving the unhappie Lady dead, cold, pale, wan, lying weltring in her gore and blood of her false heart (shed by her own child) all helplesse about the chamber, said as followeth:

Now

Tom of Lincoln,

Now (quoth the Neger, betwixt life & death) have you shown your self a dutiful Son, and nobly revenged the death of your Father. These were the last words of the poor Indian, which was then sunk down, and never after breathed. Thereupon came forth the Dwarf of the Castle, with a great store of treasure, proffering the same to the Black Knight, who nothing thirsting after covetousness, refused it, and withal took the Dwarf in satisfaction for the Negers death, and crammed the treasure down his throat, and after buried the two servants in one grave. This being done he digged up his Fathers body from the dunghil, & brought it to the Chamber where his Mother lay, and after in an Abbey-yard belonging to the Castle, he buried them both likewise in one grave. This being done, he kneeled thereupon, and made his complain in this manner :

CHAP. VII.

Of the Black Knights melancholly Lamentation over the grave of his Parents ; and of other things that happened.

O thrice happy for evermore be this ground that contains the bodies of my unfortunate Parents, for this earth hath received the sweet darling of nature, and the onely delight of the whole world: the Sun-shine of Christendom, & the glory of man-kind. Oh thrice happy be the grasse, that from henceforth shall grow upon this grave ! let never Sithe touch it, nor crafty lurking Serpent with venomous breath, or deadly poyson hurt it, let no Lions paw nor Bears foot tread upon it, let no beasts born in any manner abuse it, let no birds with pecking, no creeping filthy vermin, no winters nipping frost, no nightly falling dewes, nor raging of the parching Suns heat, nor stars have power from Heaven, nor fearful tempests, nor terrible lightning in any manner annoy it : Let no Ploughman drive hither his weary Oren, nor Shepherds bring hither their sheep, lest by the Bulls rage it be harmed, or by the harmeles sheep it be eaten. But let it for ever grow, that the displaying thereof may reach to heaven, and may from henceforth this grave be ever accounted sacred, and may the grasse be ever sprinkled with sweet waters. Some good man upon this grave set a burning Taper, that then for very anguish of my heart I may heat my breast, till my fists have stricken the wind from my body, and that my soul may bear them company into Elysium. Come you wanton rashly Satyres, come you friendly Fawns, come you Fairies and Dryades, and sing sweet Epitaphs, lift up your voices to heaven, and let your praises be in the honour of my Parents : my self like a lean, pale, and dead man, will bear you company. I will weary the world with my complaints, I will make huge Streams with my tears, such streams as no bank shall bear, such streams as no drought shall dry. But alas, what do I mean to repeat these several lamentations, since my dear Parents be dead, since from the world they are parted,

the Red-Rose Knight.

parted, since they are buried without solemnity, since my delights are all inclosed in the ground. Yet will I still here make my complaints, though no good use come thereby, adding tears to tears, and sorrows to sorrows. Oh forsaking fortune, Oh unlucky Stars, Oh cursed day that ever I did this deed: for now no sense nor knowledge takes their unleslie bodies off my griefs. In the grave there is no feeling, in death there is no pity taken. Oh thou Silvanus, thou Commander of these mountains, help me poor helpless soul to shed tears: for my Religion, for my devotion and countreys sake help me. Either let me have some comfort in my sorrows, or let me in death bear my Parents company. Thou seest what torments I suffer, how my heart trembles, how my eyes dole with tears, how my head is with tears poss'd, how my soul is full of horrible anguish, all this thou seest, and yet it little grieves thee to see it. Oh thou churlish ground, from henceforth cease any more to bear fruit, cease to be deckt with flowers, cease to be mantled in green: for the purest flowers are withered, thy garlands decayed, my Parents are too untimely bereft of life: their sweet bodies thou harbour'st, and in thy womb deliver'st them as food unto worms. Therefore thou cruel earth, howl & mourn, for thou art unworthy of such blessed bodies. And now, Oh you pittifull heaves, hear my complaints convey them to the souls of my deceased Parents: for my lamentations by the gentle winds, are blown from the East unto the West: the dry land and the watery seas, are witnesses unto them: Therefore no day shall rise, but it shall hear my complaints: no night shall come, but shall give ear to my moans: neither day nor night shall be free from my heart-breaking cries. If that I groan, methinks the trees are bended, as though they pittied my tears. The very ground for grief, I see alters her complexion. All that I see, all that I hear, all I feel, gives fresh increase to my sorrow: I will never henceforth come in peopled town, nor habited City, but wander all alone up and down by low vallies and steep Rocks, or I will dwell in dark dens, frequented only by wild beasts, where no path of man was ever seen, or to the Woods I will go, so dark and so thick beset with shadowy branches, that no Sun may shine there by day, nor Star by night may be seen, where is heard no noise, but the outcries of horrible Goblins, the doleful shrieks of Night-Owls, the unlucky sounds of Ravens and Crows: there shall mine eyes be made watery fountains: there will I make such plaints, as beasts shall mourn to hear them: such plaints will I make, as shall rend and rive strong tears, make wild Panthers tame, and mollifie hard sinfed stones. And if by chance that sleep oppresse me, on the bare and cold ground shall these woeful limbs rest, the green turff shall serve as a pillow for my head, boughs and branches of trees shall cover me, and then I hope some benificent serpent will speedily give me my death wound, that this my poor soul may

Tom of Lincoln,

may be released from flesh and blood : by which means I may pass to those fields, those fair Elysium fields, where my murdered Parents happily resort. In this manner complained the Black Knight, upon his Parents Grave, three days and nights together, still kneeling upon the cold ground, and could not by any imagination be comforted : every thing his eyes beheld renewed fresh sorrow, & drew on lamentations : but at last the powers of heaven intending to grant him some ease, cast his greatly distressed senses into a quiet slumber, where lying down upon his Fathers grave, we will let him for a time rest.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Fayrie Knight came to be called the worlds Triumph. Of his arrival in England, of the two Knights deaths, & of the proverb used in the three Cities of England.

You have read in the first part of this History, how the Fayrie Knight, the son of Celia, begot by the Red-rose Knight, was committed (by his mother at her death) to the keeping of the Ladies in the Land : then were there but few men living, being a Countrey only of women : & now being of lusty age, and a Knight of renowned valour, he betook himself to travel, the only cause whereof was to find his Father or some of his Kindred whom he had never seen.

Many were the Countries he passed, but more the dangers he endured, all which for this time we omit, and will only a little speak of three gifts given him by an Hermit, that had three exceeding virtues : for coming to an Island to seek adventures, it was his chance to save a young beautiful Maiden from ravishing by a satyricall Wild-man : for he having tyed the golden locks of her hair to two knotty brambles, & being ready to take his venereal pleasure upon her, the Fayrie Knight comming by, and seeing that dishonour and violence offered to so young a virgin, with his sword at one blow paired away the Wild-mans head, and so went with the Maiden home to her fathers house, which was an Hermitage some miles distant off : where being no sooner come, but the good old man having a head more white then silver, but a heart more heavy then lead, by reason of the want of his daughter cruelly so taken from him, began at her sight to be so cheered that he had not the power for joy to speak in a good space : but at last taking the Fayrie Knight by the hand, he led him to an inward room, where he banqueted him with such cheer as his Hermitage afforded, and after in lieu of his daughters rescue he gave thre such gifts, and of thre such virtues as the like seldom had a Knight.

The first was a Ring, which whosoever did wear, should never dye by Treason. The second a Sword, that on what gate soever it struck, it would presently be open. The third and last, a viol of such drink,



the Red-rose Knight.

Whoſoever taſted thereof, ſhould preſently forget all paſſed ſorrows.

Having received theſe three gifts of the good old Hermit, he departed, and travelled without any adventure, till he came and found the Black Knight aſleep upon his Fathers grave: whom when the Fairie Knight had awaked, in countenance they were ſo alike, as if nature had made them both one: for indeed they were brothers by the fathers ſide, the one true boyn, the other a Baſtard, yet at the firſt ſight ſuch a ſecret affection grew betwixt them, that they plighted their faith to each other, ſwearing never to part friendſhips.

But when the Black Knight had revealed his birth and parentage, his Fathers name and place of birth, the Fairie Knight reſolved himſelf that he had found a brother, as well in nature as condition: but when he heard the ſtory of his Fathers life, and the manner of his death, with the murder of Anglitora his unchaſte wife, he could not chooſe but shed tears, whereof plenty deſcended down his fair eyes, whereupon he took occaſion to ſpeak as followeth;

Heavens reſt thy ſweet ſoul, my unknown father, and may the ſuit of thee prove as famous in the world as thou haſt been, but more fortunate in their marriage choice: or as my ſtep-mother, though her unchaſte life have made her infamous to all women kind, yet this in charity I deſire, that when ſhe comes to Plutons Realm, that Proſerpina may ſend her to the fields of Elizium, in remembrance of whom in this world, if ever we arrive in that noble Country of England, where my Knightly Father was born, we will there erect her a ſtately Tomb: yet no Epitaph ſhall ſhew her diſloyal Life, but n Letters of beaten gold ſhall remain engraven upon her Tomb, the name of Anglitora, Daughter to Preſter John, and Wiſe to the Red-rose Knight. Whereupon he gave his new-found brother the Knight his viol of ſpik which the Hermit had given him; who no ſooner had taſted, but all former griefes were forgotten.

He remembered not the death of his Father, nor the murder of his mother, nor what ſorrow he had ſuſtained in the wildernis. But like a jocund Knight girt his ſword round about him, and ſted on thorns till he was forward to ſeek Partial adventures.

Whereupon theſe two Knights departed towards England, and performed many noble deeds of Chivalry by the way. But amongst all others, being in the Turkiſh Court (this is worthy to be noted) for with one blow of the ear the Black Knight killed the Turks Son ſtark dead, for which cauſe by treaſon were their lives conſpired, and the following night had their Lodgings entred by twelve of the Turks Guard, with an intent to murder them, but by reaſon of the enchanted Ring, in the which they put both their fingers, the Guard of a ſudden fell all aſt in a trance: whereupon the two Knights departed the great

Hom of Lincoln,

great Turkish Court. But no sooner were they out of the City, but a Troop of armed Knights pursued them, and followed them so nearly, that they were forced to enter a Castle that stood by the Sea-side, wherein no creature had abiding. Coming to the gate, the Fayrie Knight with his sword struck thereat, and it presently opened, wherein being no sooner entered, but the armed Knights of the Turkish Nation closed them fast in, and caused the Gates to be walled up with fire-stone, and so departed.

Now were these two Knights in more danger of death then ever they had been in all their lives, and sure they had starved, had not good policy preserved their lives; for the Castle Walls were so high, that none durst venture down without great danger. As in greatest extremity, man's wit is the quickest for invention: so the two Knights cut off all their hair from their head, which were very long, and therewithal made a long twisted line or cord, with which they slid from the top of the Wall to the ground.

But this mischance happened, as the Fayrie Knight glided down, the cord broke, and his body took such a violent blow against the ground, that it struck the breath quite out of his body, no life by the Black Knight could be perceived, but that his soul was for ever divided from his body.

This of all misfortunes was held the extreamest: therefore in great grief he breathed forth this lamentation:

Oh you partial Fates, (quoth he) Oh you unjust Destinies: why have you bereft two Lives by wounding one: now let the Sun forbear his wonted light, let heat and cold, let drought and Moisture, let earth and air, let fire and water, be all mingled and confounded together: Let that old confounded Chaos return again, and here let the world end. And now you heavens, this is my request, that my soul may presently forsake this flesh: I have no soul of mine own, for it is the soul of the Fayrie Knight, for but one soul is common to us both: then how can I live, having my soul departed, which spiteful death hath now separated: Oh thou my Knightly brother, though the Fates deny to give me life, yet in spite of them I'll follow thee.

You Heavens, receive this false soul of my true friend, and let not life and death part us; with Eagles wings will I flye after him, and in Joves celestial Throne join with him in friendship.

Yet two in life were but one, one will, one heart, one mind, one soul

the Red-Rose Knight.

soul made us one, one Life kept us both alive, one being dead draws the other unto death: therefore as we lived in love, so will we die in Love: and in one grave we may interre both our bodies: how glorious were my death to die with my beloved friend! Now do I loath this life in living alone without my dear brother: Whereupon drawing his sword from his side, he said:

O thou woful weapon, even thou shalt be the means to rid my soul from this prison of my body: Oh faith unfeigned, Oh hand of sacred friendship; I am resolved both with the force of heart, hand, and arme, to give my heart death's deadly wound: for now my noble Fairie Knight, this blood I offer up unto thy soul: But being ready with his sword to pierce his own heart, he saw a lively blood spread in his friends face, and those eyes that were so dolefully closed up, began now to look abroad; and the countenance that was so pale and wan, recovered a fresh complexion; whereupon the Black Knight shayed from his desperate resolution, and from a bloody tragedian, became the recoverer of his brothers life; who after a while, began to be perfect sensible: so binding his bruised bones together, they went a Ship-board upon a Ship that lay at Anchor at the next Port making for England, so the next morning the wind served well, the Pilots hoisted sail, and they merrily floated on the waters.

Ten weeks had not passed toward the finishing of a year (before they arrived on the Chalky cliffs of England: upon which they had no sooner set footing, but with their warm lips gently kissed the cold earth. This is the land of promised glory, said the Fairie Knight; to find this Land I have indured many miseries, to find this Land I have passed many Countries, and in this Land must I seale up the last quittance of my life, here shall my bones rest, for I am lawfully descended from the loynes of an English Knight; peace be in my end, for all my days have been spent in much trouble.

In such like discourses, left they the shore side, & travelling further into the land, they met with one of King Arthurs Knights named Sir Lancelot du Lake, so old and lame, that through his bruises in Chivalry, he seemed rather an impotent creature than a Knight at Arms; yet at the sight of these two adventurous Knights, his blood seemed to grow pouring, and he that before could not march a mile on foot for a Kingdom, now went as lively as any of the two other Knights.

Tom of Lincoln,

Knights did : First came Ten to London, where for these sathers
take they were by the Governours most gallantly entertained : the
streets were hung round with Arras hangings, & Tapestry works.
Pageants were in every street, the Conduits ran with wine, and a
solemn holy day was then proclaimed to be kept yearly upon that
day, to speak of Banquets prepared for them, the Tilts and Turna-
ments and such honourable graces, I think it needlesse.

In London in great content they stayed some twenty days : in
which time came noble messengers from the Court to conduct them
to the King that then reigned, for since the Black Knight & his mo-
ther departed the land, happened three changes ; every one main-
taining the ancient honour of King Arthurs Knights of the Round
Table, whereof they two in presence of all the Nobility were in
knighthly sort created.

After this the King ordained a solemn Jousting to be kept in his
Court, and held in a great honour for forty days : to which knightly
sports resorted the chieftest flowers of Chivalry from all Countries,
as Kings, Princes, Dukes, Earls, Lords and Knights; and for chief
Challenger and Champion for the Countrey, was the Fairy Knight,
who for his matchlesse manhood therein shewn, had this title given
him to be called, The worlds wonder.

After this, being desirous to see the City of Lincoln where the Red-
rose Knight was born, he in company of his brother and true friend
the Black Knight, & old Sir Lancelot du Lake rode thither: at whose
coming into the City, the great Bell (called Tom a Lincoln) was rung
an hour, which as then was seldom done to any, except Kings and
renowned warriors returning victorious from bloody Battels.

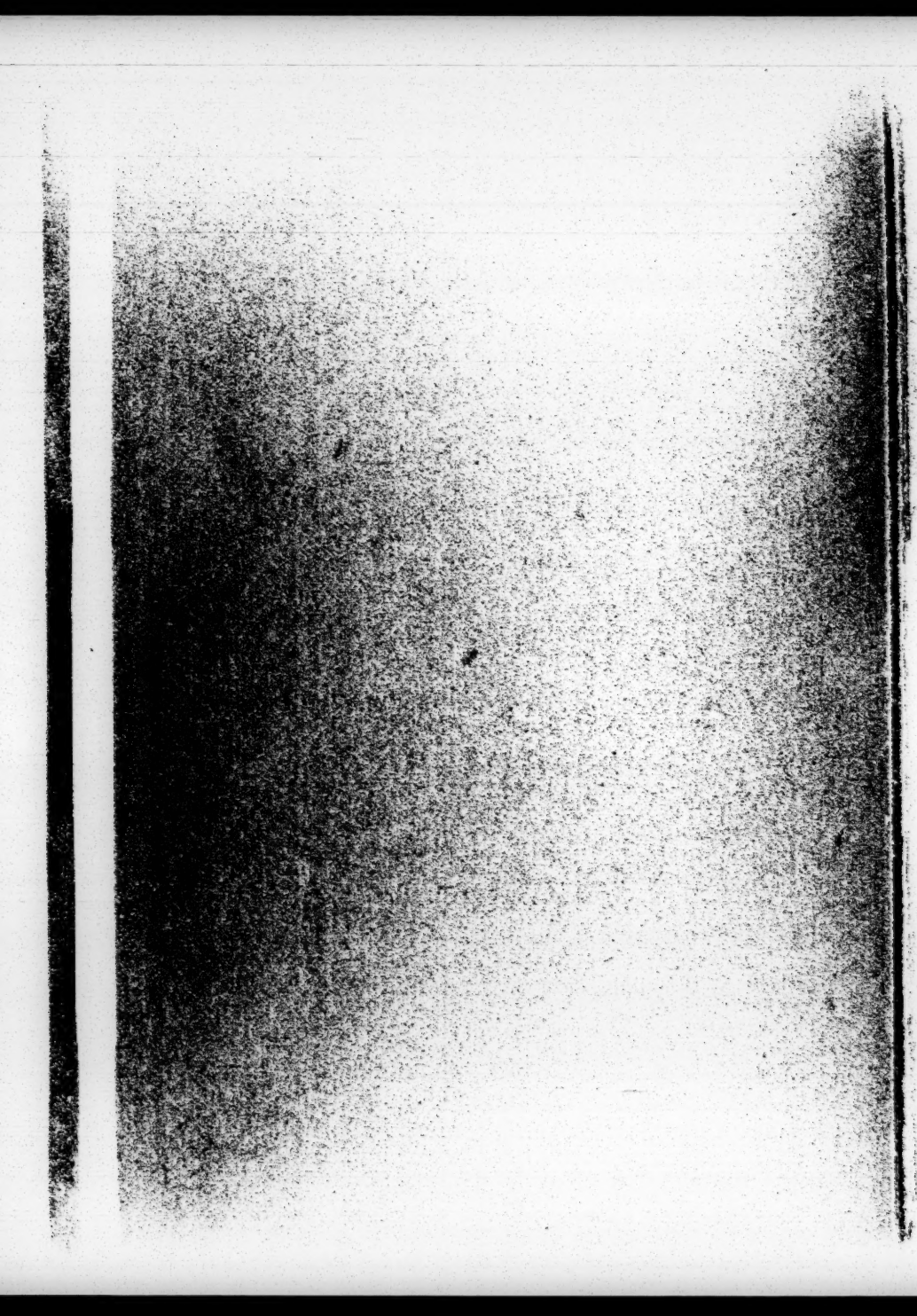
Here builded they a most sumptuous Minister, which this day re-
mains in great magnificence and glory. Likewise here built they
a most stately Tomb in remembrance of their Parents, the like
as then no place of England afforded.

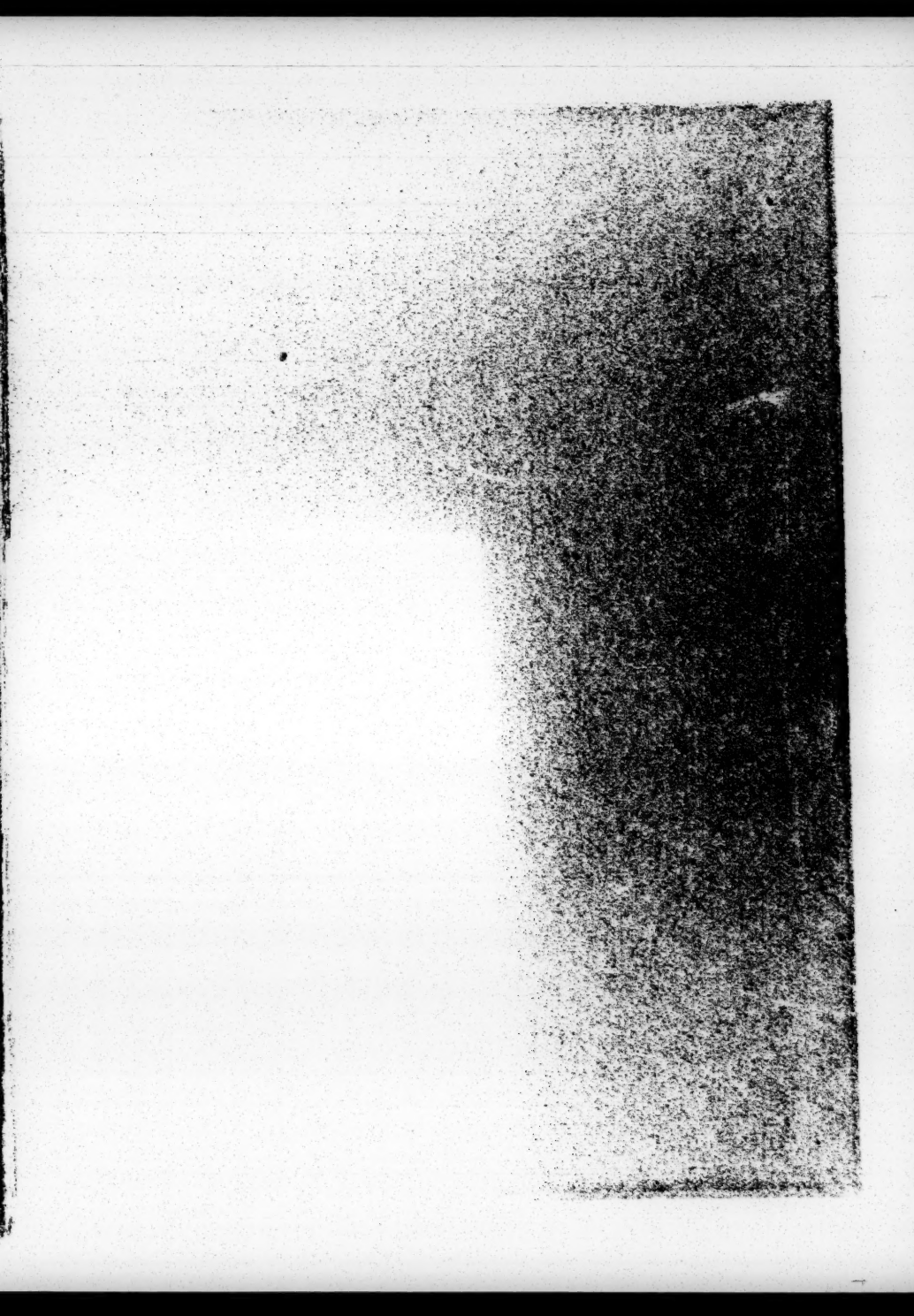
Thus having left the noble seats of Chivalry, they lived a life
zealous and most pleasing to God: creating many Almshouses for
poor people, giving thereto great Wealth and treasure, and when
nature ended their days, they were buried in the same Min-
ster, both in one Tomb: with like solemnities: so richly set up with
Pillars of Gold, that above all it grew the most famous : where-
upon since that time was the old Proverb of three Cities grown
common to all, in these words, Lincoln is, London was, York shall
be.



11
a. 16

Perfect
slightly worn and
said that was the
defection
Bernard Spent
Hawthorne





LO. folio 13/46

T H E
C A S E
O F

Dr. Michael Jones.

IN the Year 1647, the Parliament then Sitting in *England*, gave a Commission to Collonel *Michael Jones* to be Lieutenant-General of the Horse for the Service of *Ireland*, to Reduce that Kingdom under the Obedience of *England*. That upon the 8th of *August* 1648, the said Coll. *Jones* Fought the Irish Rebels; under the Command of General *Preston*, at *Dungan-Hill* in the County of *Meath*, and Kill'd 5000 of them, with the loss but of 16 of the English; by which the City of *Dublin*, and the Protestants therein, and many thousands in other places were preserved: For which, and other great Services, that Parliament Granted unto, and Settled on the said Coll. *Jones* and his Heirs, the Estate of *James Bath* of *Arbcarn* in the County of *Meath*, an Irish Rebel: Which Estate, by Vertue of the said Grant, he was possessed of and enjoyed, and did by his last Will and Testament bequeath unto his Nephew *Michael Jones*, who accordingly enjoyed it till about the Year 1663, and was then Dispossessed of it by Vertue of a pretended *Custodium* by Sir *Luke Bath* (Son to the aforesaid *James Bath*, who was also in actual Rebellion) without any Tryal or Hearing at Law, and was never suffered to produce his Title, or make his Defence, tho' he often Petitioned for the same; neither had he any Reprizal for the said Estate, or any Satisfaction by Debentures for his Uncle's Service, as other Soldiers had. That the said Coll. *Jones* would have had Lands sett out for his Arrears, but that he and his Heirs relied on the Benefit designed and intended him by the Ordinance of the above-mentioned Parliament. That the said Lands are now in His Majesty. That the said *Michael* is a Loyal Subject to His Majesty. Hath a numerous Family. Had one of his Sons kill'd in His Majesty's Service at *Agbrim*; and having lost all he had left in the late Troubles, is now reduced to great want and misery.

He humbly prays relief from His Sacred Majesty pursuant to His Most Gracious Declaration at His Accession to the Crown, and that either the Estate aforesaid may be restored to him; or such other recompence and satisfaction given him as to His Majesty shall seem meet.

1147

LO. folio 13/46